THE

BRITISH POETS.

VOL. XXXII.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for J. BALFOUR and W. CREECH.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

BRITISH

POEMS

OF

DR JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN OF SAINT PATRICK'S,
DUBLIN.

VOLUME II.

EDINBURGH:

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M, DCC, LXXIII.

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MISCELLANIES.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

RIDDLE.

Written in the year 1724.

I.

IN youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white:
My perſon tall and ſlender waiſt,
On either ſide with fringes grac'd;
Till me that tyrant man eſpy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's ſide!
No wonder now I look ſo thin;
The tyrant ſtripp'd me to the ſkin:
My ſkin he flay'd, my hair he cropt;
At head and foot my body lopt:
And then, with heart more hard than ſtone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To ſlit my tongue, and make me ſpeak:
But that which wonderful appears,
I ſpeak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in diſguiſe,
And makes me tell a thouſand lies:

To me he chiefly gives in truſt
To pleaſe his malice, or his luſt.
From me no ſecret he can hide:
I ſee his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expoſe
His follies to his greateſt foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I underſtand.
Without my aid the beſt divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer muſt forget his pleading;
The ſcholar could not ſhew his reading.
Nay, man my maſter is my ſlave:
I give command to kill or ſave,
Can grant ten thouſand pound a-year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
But while I thus my life relate,
I only haſten to my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on ſome dunghill left to rot.

ANOTHER.

II.

BEcauſe I am by nature *blind*,
I wiſely chuſe to walk *behind*;
However, to avoid diſgrace,
I let no creature ſee my *face*.
My *words* are few, but ſpoke with *ſenſe*:
And yet my *ſpeaking* gives offence:
Or, if to *whiſper* I preſume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am *oppreſt*,
And my oppreſſion gives them *reſt*.
Thro' me, tho' ſore againſt my will,
Inſtructors ev'ry art inſtill.
By thouſands I am *ſold* and *bought*,
Who neither get, nor loſe a groat;
For none, alas, by me can gain,
But thoſe who give me *greateſt pain*.
Shall man preſume to be my maſter,
Whoſe but my *caterer* and *taſter*?
Yet tho' I always have my will,
I'm but a mere *depender* ſtill:
An humble *hanger-on* at beſt;
Of whom all people *make a jeſt*.
In me detractors ſeek to find
Two voices of a different kind:
I'm too profuſe, ſome cens'rers cry,
And all I get, I *let it fly*:

While others give me many a curſe,
Becauſe too *cloſe* I hold my *purſe*.
But this I know, in either caſe,
They dare not *charge* me to my *face*.
'Tis true indeed, ſometimes I *ſave*,
Sometimes *run out* of all I have;
But when the year is at an end,
Computing what we *get* and *ſpend*,
My *goings out*, and *comings in*,
I cannot find I loſe or win;
And therefore all that know me ſay,
I juſtly keep the *middle-way*.
I'm always by my betters led;
I laſt *get up*, am firſt a-bed;
Tho', if I riſe *before my time*,
The learn'd in ſciences ſublime
Conſult the ſtars, and thence foretel
Good luck to thoſe with whom I dwell.

ANOTHER.

III.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domeſtic ſubject for diſputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care;
I ſaw thee rais'd to high renown,
Supporting half the Britiſh crown;
And often have I ſeen thee grace
The chaſte Diana's infant face;
And whenſoe'r you pleaſe to ſhine,
Leſs uſeful in her light than thine:
Thy num'rous fingers know their way,
And oft in Celia's treſſes play.
To place thee in another view,
I'll ſhew the world ſtrange things and true;
What lords and dames of high degree
May juſtly claim their birth from thee.
The ſoul of man with ſpleen you vex;
Of ſpleen you cure the female ſex.
Thee for a gift the courtier ſends
With pleaſure to his ſpecial friends:
He gives; and with a gen'rous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide;
Nor oft can the receiver know,
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unſeen both day and night;

Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix.
Yet ſome, who ne'er beſtow'd thee, boaſt
That they to others give the moſt.
Mean time, the wiſe a queſtion ſtart,
If thou a real being art;
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain:
But the ſly giver better knows thee;
Who feels true joys when he beſtows thee.

ANOTHER.

The gulph of all human poſſeſſions.

Written in the year 1714.

IV.

COME hither and behold the fruits,
Vain man, of all thy vain purſuits.
Take wiſe advice, and *look behind*,
Bring all *paſt* actions to thy mind:
Here you may ſee, as in a glaſs,
How ſoon all human pleaſures paſs.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial ſide!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the ſad *reverſe* appears!
This cave within its womb confines
The laſt reſult of all deſigns;
Here lie depoſited the ſpoils
Of buſy mortals endleſs toils:
Here, with an eaſy ſearch, we find
The *foul corruptions* of mankind.
The wretched purchaſe here behold
Of traitors who their country ſold.
This gulph inſatiable imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the ſtateſman's bribes:

Here, in their proper ſhape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt are ſeen.
Neceſſity, the tyrant's law,
All human race muſt hither draw;
All prompted by the ſame *deſire*,
The vig'rous youth, and aged ſire.
Behold, the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble ſlave,
Phyſician, lawyer, and divine,
All make *oblations* at this ſhrine.
Some enter boldly, ſome by ſtealth,
And leave behind their fruitleſs wealth.
For while the baſhful ſylvan maid,
As half aſham'd, and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt ſo *near her heart*;
The courtly dame, unmov'd with fear,
Profuſely pours her *off'rings* here.
A treaſure here of *learning* lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works;
Labours of many an ancient ſage,
And millions of the preſent age.
In at this gulph all off'rings paſs,
And lie an undiſtinguiſh'd maſs.
Deucalion to reſtore mankind
Was bid to throw the ſtones *behind*;
So thoſe who here their gifts convey,
Are forc'd to *look another way*:
For few, a choſen few, muſt know
The myſteries that lie below.
Sad charnel-houſe! a diſmal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home;

The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here buried in one common grave;
Where each ſupply of *dead* renews
Unwholeſome *damps*, *offenſive dews*:
And lo! the *writing on the walls*
Points out where each new *victim* falls;
The *food of worms*, and beaſts obſcene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.
See where thoſe mangled corpſes lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die;
A comely dame once clad in white,
Lies there conſign'd to endleſs night;
By cruel hands her blood was ſpilt,
And yet her *wealth* was all her guilt.
And here ſix virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft in the train of Venus ſeen,
As fair and lovely as their queen:
In royal garments each was dreſt,
Each with a gold and purple veſt;
I ſaw them of their garments ſtript,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript;
Twice were they bury'd, *twice* were born,
Twice from their ſepulchres were torn;
But now diſmember'd here are caſt,
And find a reſting place at laſt.
Here oft the curious trav'ler finds
The combat of *oppoſing winds*;
And ſeeks to learn the ſecret cauſe,
Which alien ſeems from nature's laws;
Why, at this *cave*'s tremendous *mouth*,
He feels at once both *north* and *ſouth*:

Whether the winds in caverns pent
Through *cliffs* oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, *op'ning all his ſtores*,
Fierce Æolus in tempeſt roars.
Yet from this *mingled maſs* of things
In time a new creation ſprings.
Theſe *crude* materials once ſhall riſe
To fill the earth, and air, and ſkies:
In various forms appear again
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

TO QUILCA.

A COUNTRY-HOUSE of Dr SHERIDAN, in no very good repair, where the ſuppoſed author, and ſome of his friends, ſpent a ſummer in the year 1725.

LET me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin, dropping rain;
Chimneys with ſcorn rejecting ſmoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedſteads broke.
Here elements have loſt their uſes,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces;
In vain we make poor Sheela toil,
Fire will not roaſt, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddeſs Want in triumph reigns;
And her chief officers of ſtate,
Sloth, *Dirt*, and *Theft*, around her wait.

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND.

Written in the year 1727.

A Set of phraſes learn'd by rot;
A paſſion for a ſcarlet coat;
When at a play to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reaſon why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all ſhe prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb ſit,
And take his nonſenſe all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a ſong,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Hath ev'ry repartee in ſtore,
She ſpoke ten thouſand times before;
Can ready compliments ſupply
On all occaſions, cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parſon's gown,
The ſight will put her in a ſwoon;
For converſation well endu'd,
She calls it witty to be rude;

And placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greateſt failing;
Nor makes a ſcruple to expoſe
Your bandy leg, or crooked noſe;
Can at her morning-tea run o'er
The ſcandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her ſkill,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
In chuſing lace a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the loweſt price;
Can in her female clubs diſpute,
What linen beſt the ſilk will ſuit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
If chance a mouſe creeps in her ſight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So ſweetly ſcreams, if it comes near her,
She raviſhes all hearts to hear her.
Can dex'trouſly her huſband teaſe,
By taking fits whene'er ſhe pleaſe;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper ſeaſons to be ſick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs ſo pretty,
At once creating love and pity;
If Molly happens to be careleſs,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as ſure as death,
And vows ſhe ſcarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modeſt women can
Be ſo *robuſtious*, like a man.
In party, furious to her pow'r;
A bitter Whig, or Tory ſour;

Her arguments directly tend
Againſt the ſide ſhe would defend;
Will prove herſelf a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain;
And to defend the Whiggiſh cauſe,
Her topics from the Tories draws.

O yes! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be ſent to Mrs Harding;
She'll pay the charges to a farthing:
Take notice, ſhe has my commiſſion
To add them in the next edition;
They may outſell a better thing:
So, holla boys; God ſave the King.

On cutting down the Old THORN at MARKET-HILL.

Written in the year 1747.

AT Market-hill, as well appears
By chronicle of ancient date,
There ſtood for many a hundred years
A ſpacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came every village maid,
And on the bows her garland hung,
And here, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
Secure from ſatyrs ſat and ſung.

Sir Archibald, that val'rous knight,
Then lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come to liſten with delight,
For he was fond of rural ſtrain.

(Sir Archibald, whoſe fav'rite name
Shall ſtand for ages on record,
By Scottiſh bards of higheſt fame,
Wiſe Hawthornden and Stirling's Lord.)

But Time with iron teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or bloſſom to be ſeen,
Its head reclining tow'rds the ground.

This aged, ſickly, ſapleſs thorn,
Which muſt, alas! no longer ſtand,
Behold the cruel Dean in ſcorn
Cuts down with ſacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature when ſhe ſaw the blow,
Aſtoniſh'd gave a dreadful ſhriek;
And mother Tellus trembled ſo,
She ſcarce recover'd in a week.

The ſylvan pow'rs with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compaſſion ſent
(For none could tell whoſe turn was next)
Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpye, lighting on the ſtock,
Stood chatt'ring with inceſſant din:
And with her beak gave many a knock,
To rouſe and warn the nymph within.

The owl foreſaw, in penſive mood,
The ruin of her ancient ſeat;
And fled in haſte with all her brood,
To ſeek a more ſecure retreat.

Laſt trotted forth the gentle ſwine,
To eaſe her itch againſt the ſtump,
And diſmally was heard to whine,
All as ſhe ſcrubb'd her meazly rump.

The nymph who dwells in ev'ry tree,
(If all be true that poets chant,)
Condemn'd by fate's ſupreme decree,
Muſt die with her expiring plant.

Thus when the gentle Spina found
The thorn committed to her care,
Receiv'd its laſt and deadly wound,
She fled, and vaniſh'd into air.

But from the root a diſmal groan
First iſſuing ſtruck the murd'rer's ears;
And in a ſhrill revengeful tone
This prophecy he trembling hears.

" Thou chief contriver of my fall,
" Relentleſs Dean, to miſchief born;
" My kindred oft thine hide ſhall gall,
" Thy gown and caſſock oft be torn.

" And thy confed'rate dame, who brags
" That ſhe condemn'd me to the fire,
" Shall rent her petticoats to rags,
" And wound her legs with ev'ry bri'r.

" Nor thou, Lord Arthur, ſhalt eſcape;
" To thee I often call'd in vain,
" Againſt that aſſaſſin in crape;
" Yet thou could'ſt tamely ſee me ſlain.

" Nor when I felt the dreadful blow,
" Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy ſpouſe:
" Since you could ſee me treated ſo,
" (An old retainer to your houſe,)

" May that fell Dean, by whoſe command
" Was form'd this Machi'velian plot,
" Not leave a thiſtle on thy land;
" Then who will own thee for a Scot?

" Pigs and fanatics, cows and teagues,
" Thro' all thy empire I foreſee,
" To tear thy hedges, join in leagues;
" Sworn to revenge my thorn and me:

" And thou the wretch ordain'd by fate,
" Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
" With hatchet blunter than thy pate
" To hack my hallow'd timber down,

" When thou ſuſpended high in air,
" Dy'ſt on a more ignoble tree,
" (For thou ſhalt ſteal thy landlord's mare,)
" Then, bloody *caitif*, think on me."

A

LIBEL

ON THE

REVEREND Dr DELANY,

AND HIS EXCELLENCY

JOHN LORD CARTERET.

To Dr Delany, occaſioned by his epiſtle to his Excellency John Lord Carteret.

Written in the year 1729.

DEluded mortals, whom the *great*
Chuſe for companions *tete a tete*;
Who at their dinners *en famille*,
Get leave to ſit whene'er you will;
Then boaſting tell us where you din'd,
And how his *Lordſhip* was ſo kind;

How many pleaſant things he ſpoke,
And how you *laugh'd* at every *joke*:
Swear he's a moſt facetious man;
That you and he are *cup* and *cann*:
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite miſtake *preferment*'s road.
Suppoſe my *Lord* and you alone,
Hint the leaſt int'reſt of your own;
His viſage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of bus'neſs now:
Or mention but a vacant *poſt*,
He'll turn it off with, *Name your toaſt*.
Nor could the niceſt artiſt paint
A countenance with more conſtraint.
For, as their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;
So men of wit are but a kind
Of pandars to a vicious mind;
Who proper objects muſt provide
To gratify their luſt of pride,
When weary'd with intrigues of ſtate,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then, ſhould you dare to aſk a *place*,
You forfeit all your *patron*'s grace,
And diſappoint the ſole deſign,
For which he ſummon'd you to *dine*.
Thus Congreve ſpent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days:
While Montague, who claim'd the ſtation
To be Mecaenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er conſider'd where they ſlept:

Himſelf as rich as fifty Jews,
Was eaſy, though they wanted ſhoes;
And crazy Congreve ſcarce could ſpare
A ſhilling to diſcharge his chair:
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From *Paean's* fire to *party* zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his latter ſcene,
Took proper *principles* to thrive;
And ſo might ev'ry *dunce* alive.
Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flouriſh'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails,
Withdrew to ſtarve, and die in Wales.
Thus Gay, the *hare* with many friends,
Twice ſeven long years the *court* attends:
Who under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a *princely* youth:
Who paid his courtſhip with the croud
As far as *modeſt pride* allow'd;
Rejects a ſervile *uſher's* place,
And leaves St James's in diſgrace.
Thus Addiſon by lords careſs'd,
Was left in foreign lands diſtreſs'd;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A trav'ling tutor to a *'ſquire:*
But wiſely left the *muſes* hill,
To bus'neſs ſhap'd the *poet's* quill;
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himſelf the *courtier's* trade;
And, grown *a miniſter of ſtate,*
Saw poets at his levee wait.

Hail, happy Pope! whoſe gen'rous mind
Deteſting all the ſtateſmen kind,
Contemning *courts*, at *courts* unſeen,
Refus'd the viſits of a queen.
A ſoul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
By *ſages*, *prieſts*, or *poets* taught;
Whoſe filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian ſtory tells;
A genius for all ſtations fit,
Whoſe *meaneſt talent* is his *wit*;
His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a *raſcal ſtateſman's* ſpittle;
Appealing to the nation's taſte,
Above the reach of want is plac'd:
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive:
And ſits aloft on Pindus' head,
Deſpiſing *ſlaves* that *cringe* for bread.
True *politicians* only pay
For *ſolid* work, but not for *play*;
Nor ever chuſe to work with tools
Forg'd up in *colleges* and *ſchools*.
Conſider how much more is due
To all their *journeymen*, than you:
At table you can Horace quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
You ſhew your ſkill in Grecian ſtory;
But they can manage Whig and Tory:
You, as a *critic*, are ſo curious,
To find a verſe in Virgil ſpurious;
But they can ſmoke the deep deſigns,
When Bolingbroke with Pult'ney dines.

Beſides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a *place* already;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and ſhew your wit;
To ſnuff the lights, and ſtir the fire,
And get a *dinner* for your hire.
What claim have you to *place* or *penſion?*
He overpays in condeſcenſion.

But, Rev'rend *Doctor*, you, we know,
Could never condeſcend ſo low;
The *viceroy*, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durſt, be more your friend;
Nor will in *you* thoſe gifts deſpiſe,
By which himſelf was taught to riſe:
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raiſe you higher,
And place you in a better ſtation,
Although it might have pleas'd the nation.

This may be true—ſubmitting ſtill
To Walpole's more than royal will;
And what condition can be worſe?
He comes to *drain a beggar's purſe;*
He comes to tie our chains the faſter,
And ſhew us, England is our maſter:
Careſſing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he elſe to bait his traps,
Or bring his *vermin* in, but *ſcraps?*
The offals of the *church* diſtreſt;
A hungry *vicarage* at beſt;
Or ſome remote inferior *poſt*,
With forty pounds a-year at moſt.

But here again you interpoſe;
Your fav'rite *Lord* is none of thoſe,
Who owe their virtues to their ſtations,
And characters to dedications:
For keep him in, or turn him out,
His *learning* none will call in doubt;
His *learning*, though a *poet* ſaid it,
Before a play, would loſe no credit;
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Although to praiſe it Phillips writ.
I own he hates an action baſe,
His *virtues* battling with his *place*;
Nor wants a nice diſcerning ſpirit
Betwixt a true and ſpurious merit;
Can ſometimes drop a *voter's* claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the moſt that *friendſhip* can;
I hate the *viceroy*, love the *man*.
But you, who till your fortune's made,
Muſt be a *ſweetner* by your trade,
Should ſwear he never meant us ill;
We ſuffer ſore againſt his will;
That, if we could but ſee his heart,
He would have choſe a milder part;
We rather ſhould lament his caſe,
Who muſt obey, or loſe his *place*.
Since this reflection ſlipt your pen,
Inſert it when you write again:
And, to illuſtrate it, produce
This *ſimile* for his excuſe,
" So, to deſtroy a guilty land,
" An *angel* ſent by *heav'n's* command,

" While he obeys *almighty* will,
" Perhaps may feel *compaſſion* ſtill;
" And wiſh the taſk had been aſſign'd
" To *ſpirits* of leſs gentle kind."
But I, in *politics* grown old,
Whoſe thoughts are of a diff'rent mould,
Who from my ſoul ſincerely hate
Both *K*— and *miniſters* of *ſtate*,
Who look on *courts* with ſtricter eyes,
To ſee the ſeeds of *vice* ariſe,
Can lend you an alluſion fitter,
Though *flatt'ring knaves* may call it *bitter*;
Which, if you durſt but give it place,
Would ſhew you many a *ſtateſman's* face:
Freſh from the *tripod* of Apollo
I had it in the words that follow:
(Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except *his Excellence*).
" So, to effect his *monarch's* ends,
" From *hell* a *viceroy* devil aſcends;
" His *budget* with *corruptions* cramm'd,
" The contributions of the *damn'd*;
" Which with unſparing hand he ſtrows
" Through *courts* and *ſenates* as he goes:
" And then at Belzebub's *black hall*,
" Complains his *budget* was too ſmall."
Your *ſimile* may better ſhine
In verſe; but there is *truth* in mine;
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and k—s:
And *ſtateſmen* by ten thouſand odds
Are angels juſt as k—s are gods.

THE

GRAND QUESTION

DEBATED,

Whether HAMILTON's BAWN ſhould be turned into a BARRACK or a MALT-HOUSE?

Written in the year 1729.

THUS ſpoke to my Lady the Knight full of care,
Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's bawn, whilſt it ſticks on my hand,
I loſe by the houſe what I get by the land;
But how to diſpoſe of it to the beſt bidder,
For a *barrack* or *malt-houſe*, we now muſt conſider.
First, let me ſuppoſe I make it a *malt-houſe*,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t'us;
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increaſe it to twelve, ſo three hundred remain;
A handſome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three diſhes a-day, and three hogſheads a-year:
With a dozen large veſſels my vault ſhall be ſtor'd;
No little ſcrub joint ſhall come on my board:
And you and the Dean no more ſhall combine
To ſtint me at night to one bottle of wine:

Nor ſhall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A ſtone and a quarter of beef from my ſirloin.
If I make it a *barrack*, the crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
In poundage and drawbacks I loſe half my rent,
Whatever they give me, I muſt be content,
Or join with the court in ev'ry debate;
And rather than that I would loſe my eſtate.
Thus ended the Knight: Thus began his meek wife;
It *muſt*, and it *ſhall* be a *barrack*, my life.
I'm grown a mere *mopus*; no company comes,
But a rabble of tenants, and ruſty dull *rums*.
With *parſons* what lady can keep herſelf clean?
I'm all over daub'd when I ſit by the Dean.
But if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,
The *Captain*, I'm ſure, will always come here;
I then ſhall not value his Deanſhip a ſtraw,
For the *Captain*, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or ſhould he pretend to be briſk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains ſhould not be ſo pert;
That men of his coat ſhould be minding their pray'rs,
And not among ladies to give themſelves airs.
Thus argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain;
The Knight his opinion reſolv'd to maintain.
But Hannah, who liſten'd to all that was paſt,
And could not endure ſo vulgar a taſte,
As ſoon as her Ladyſhip call'd to be dreſs'd,
Cry'd, Madam, why ſurely my maſter's poſſeſs'd,
Sir Arthur the maltſter! how fine it would ſound!
I'd rather the Bawn were ſunk under ground.
But, Madam, I gueſs'd there would never come good,
When I ſaw him ſo often with Darby and Wood.

And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I ſaw a huge rat; O dear, how I ſcream'd!
And after, methought, I had loſt my new ſhoes;
And Molly, ſhe ſaid, I ſhould hear ſome ill news.
Dear Madam, had you but the ſpirit to teaſe,
You might have a *barrack* whenever you pleaſe:
And, Madam, I always believ'd you ſo ſtout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a huſband like him, I *purteſt*,
Till he gave me my will, I would give him no reſt;
And rather than come in the ſame pair of ſheets
With ſuch a croſs man, I would lie in the ſtreets:
But, Madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his conſent.
Dear Madam, whene'er of a *barrack* I think,
And I were to be hang'd I can't ſleep a wink:
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, tho' I'd never ſo fain.
I fancy already a *barrack* contriv'd
At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
Of this to be ſure Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the *Captain* betimes the next morning.
Now ſee when they meet how their honours behave:
Noble *Captain*, your ſervant—Sir Arthur, your ſlave;
You honour me much—the honour is mine,—
'Twas a ſad rainy night—but the morning is fine—
Pray how does my lady?——my wife's at your ſervice.——
I think I have ſeen her picture by Jervis.——
Good morrow, good *Captain*,——I'll wait on you down———
You ſhan't ſtir a foot—you'll think me a clown—

For all the world, *Captain*, not half an inch farther —
You muſt be obey'd—your ſervant, Sir Arthur;
My humble reſpects to my Lady unknown.——
I hope you will uſe my houſe as your own.
" Go bring me my ſmock, and leave off your prate,
" Thou haſt certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
Pray, Madam, be quiet; what was it I ſaid?—
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
Next day to be ſure, the *Captain* will come
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum:
Now, Madam, obſerve how he marches in ſtate:
The man with the kettledrum enters the gate;
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara, while all the boys hollow.
See now comes the *Captain* all daub'd with gold lace:
O Law! the ſweet gentleman! look in his face;
And ſee how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming ſword that he holds in his hand;
And his horſe, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears
With ribbands in knots at its tail and its ears:
At laſt comes the troop, by the word of command,
Drawn up in our court; when the *Captain* cries,
STAND.
Your *Ladyſhip* lifts up the ſaſh to be ſeen,
(For ſure I had *dizen'd* you out like a *queen*:)
The *Captain*, to ſhew he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver;
(His beaver is cock'd; pray, Madam, mark that,
For a *Captain* of horſe never takes off his hat;
Becauſe he has never a hand that is idle;
For the right holds the ſword, and the left holds the bridle:)

Then flouriſhes thrice his ſword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady ſo fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath ſpilt);
Then he low'rs down the point and kiſſes the hilt.
Your *Ladyſhip* ſmiles, and thus you begin;
Pray, *Captain*, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.
The *Captain* ſalutes you with congee profound,
And your *Ladyſhip* curtſies half-way to the ground.

Kit, run to your maſter, and bid him come to us.
I'm ſure he'll be proud of the honour you do us;
And, *Captain*, you'll do us the favour to ſtay,
And take a ſhort dinner here with us to-day:
You're heartily welcome: But as for good cheer,
You come in the very worſt time of the year:
If I had expected ſo worthy a gueſt——
Lord, Madam! your Ladyſhip ſure is in jeſt;
You *banter* me, Madam, the kingdom muſt grant——
You officers, *Captain*, are ſo complaiſant.

" Hiſt, huſſy, I think I hear ſomebody coming——
No, Madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.

To ſhorten my tale, (for I hate a long ſtory),
The *Captain* at dinner appears in his glory;
The *Dean* and the *Doctor* have humbled their pride,
For the *Captain's* intreated to ſit by your ſide;
And, becauſe he's their betters, you carve for him firſt;
The *parſons* for envy are ready to burſt:
The ſervants amaz'd are ſcarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thruſt in our noſe
To peep at the *Captain* in all his fine *clo'es*;
Dear Madam, be ſure he's a fine ſpoken man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran:

" And Madam, ſays he, if ſuch dinners you give,
" You'll never want *parſons* as long as you live;
" I ne'er knew a parſon without a good noſe,
" But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes:
" G—d d—me, they bid us reform and repent,
" But, z——s, by their looks they never keep lent:
" Miſter *Curate*, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
" You caſt a ſheep's eye on her Ladyſhip's maid;
" I wiſh ſhe would lend you her pretty white hand
" In mending your caſſock, and ſmoothing your band:
" (For the Dean was ſo ſhabby, and look'd like a
" ninny,
" That the *Captain* ſuppos'd he was curate to Jenny:)
" Whenever you ſee a caſſock and gown,
" A hundred to one but it covers a clown;
" Obſerve how a *parſon* comes into a room,
" G— d—me, he hobbles as bad as my groom;
" A *ſcholard*, when juſt from his college broke looſe,
" Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a gooſe;
" Your Noveds, and Bluturks, and Omurs, and ſtuff,
" By G— they don't ſignify this pinch of ſnuff.
" To give a young gentleman right education,
" The army's the only good ſchool in the nation;
" My ſchoolmaſter call'd me a dunce and a fool,
" But at cuffs I was always the cock of the ſchool;
" I never could take to my book for the blood o'me,
" And the puppy confeſs'd he expected no good o'me.
" He caught me one morning coquetting his wife;
" But he maul'd me, I ne'er was ſo maul'd in my
life:
" So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
" The firſt man I robb'd was a parſon, by G—.

" Now, Madam, you'll think it a ſtrange thing to ſay,
" But the ſight of a book makes me ſick to this day."
Never ſince I was born did I hear ſo much wit,
And, Madam, I laught till I thought I ſhould ſplit.
So then you lookt ſcornful, and ſnift at the Dean,
As who ſhould ſay, *Now, am I ſkinny and lean?*
But he durſt not ſo much as once open his lips,
And the *Doctor* was plaguily down in the hips.
Thus mercileſs Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till ſhe heard the Dean call, *Will your Ladyſhip walk?*
Her *Ladyſhip* anſwers, *I'm juſt coming down;*
Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart ſhe was glad,
Cry'd, huſſy, why ſure the wench is gone mad:
How could theſe chimeras get into your brains?—
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
But the Dean, if this ſecret ſhould come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye;
Give me but a *barrack*, a fig for the *clergy*.

THE

LADY's DRESSING-ROOM.

Written in the year 1730.

FIVE hours (and who can do it leſs in?)
By haughty Caelia ſpent in dreſſing;
The goddeſs from her chamber iſſues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tiſſues.
Strephon, who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwiſe employ'd,
Stole in, and took a ſtrict ſurvey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An inventory follows here.

And, firſt, a dirty ſmock appear'd,
Beneath the arm-pits well beſmear'd,
Strephon, the rogue, diſplay'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on ev'ry ſide:
In ſuch a caſe few words are beſt,
And Strephon bids us gueſs the reſt;
But ſwears, how damnably the men lie
In calling Caelia ſweet and cleanly.

Now liſten, while he next produces
The various combs for various uſes;
Fill'd up with dirt ſo cloſely fixt
No bruſh could force a way betwixt;

A paſte of compoſition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
A forehead-cloth, with oil upon't,
To ſmooth the wrinkles on her front:
Here allum-flower to ſtop the ſteams
Exhal'd from four unſav'ry ſtreams:
There night-gloves made of Tripſey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripſey when ſhe dy'd;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Diſtill'd from Tripſey's darling whelp.
Here galley-pots and vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with waſhes, ſome with paſte;
Some with pomatums, paints, and ſlops,
And ointments good for ſcabby chaps.
Hard by a filthy baſon ſtands,
Foul'd with the ſcouring of her hands;
The baſon takes whatever comes,
The ſcrapings from her teeth and gums,
A naſty compound of all hues,
For here ſhe ſpits, and here ſhe ſpues.
But oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
When he beheld and ſmelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beſlim'd,
With dirt and ſweat, and ear-wax grim'd.
No object Strephon's eye eſcapes;
Here petticoats in frowzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varniſh'd o'er with ſnuff and ſnot.
The ſtockings why ſhould I expoſe,
Stain'd with the moiſture of her toes;
Or greaſy coifs, or pinners reeking,
Which Caelia ſlept at leaſt a week in?

A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round;
Or hairs that ſink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like briſtles grow.
The virtues we muſt not let paſs
Of Caelia's magnifying glaſs;
When frighted Strephon caſt his eye on't,
It ſhew'd the viſage of a giant:
A glaſs that can to ſight diſcloſe
The ſmalleſt worm in Caelia's noſe,
And faithfully direct her nail
To ſqueeze it out from head to tail;
For catch it nicely by the head,
It muſt come out, alive or dead.
Why, Strephon, will you tell the reſt;
And muſt you needs deſcribe the cheſt?
That careleſs wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner;
But leave it ſtanding full in ſight,
For you to exerciſe your ſpite?
In vain the workman ſhew'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it ſeem in this diſguiſe
A cabinet to vulgar eyes,
Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
Reſolv'd to go through *thick and thin*.
He lifts the lid: There needs no more,
He ſmelt it all the time before.
As, from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus op'd the locks,
A ſudden univerſal crew
Of human evils upward flew;

He ſtill was comforted to find
That *hope* at laſt remain'd behind:
So Strephon lifting up the lid,
To view what in the cheſt was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent;
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the *pan* to grope,
And foul his hands in ſearch of *hope*.
O! ne'er may ſuch a vile machine
Be once in Caelia's chamber ſeen!
O! may ſhe better learn to keep
Thoſe *ſecrets of the hoary deep!*
As mutton cutlets, *prime of meat*,
Which, though with art you ſalt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roaſt them at the cleareſt fire;
If from *adown* the hopeful chops,
The fat upon a cinder drops,
To ſtinking ſmoke it turns the flame,
Pois'ning the fleſh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greaſy ſtench,
For which you curſe the careleſs wench:
So things which muſt not be expreſt,
When *plumpt* into the reeking cheſt
Send up an excremental ſmell,
To taint the parts from whence they fell;
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a ſtink round ev'ry room.
Thus finiſhing his grand ſurvey,
The ſwain diſguſted ſlunk away;
Repeating in his am'rous fits,
"Oh! Caelia, Caelia, Caelia ſh—."

But *Vengeance*, goddeſs never ſleeping,
Soon puniſh'd Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he ſees with all her ſtinks;
And, if unſav'ry odours fly,
Conceives a lady ſtanding by.
All women his deſcription fits,
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vicious fancy coupled faſt,
And ſtill appearing in *contraſt*.
I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of womankind.
Should I the *queen of love* refuſe,
Becauſe ſhe roſe from ſtinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the ſcene,
Statira's but ſome pocky queen.
When Caelia all her glory ſhows,
If Strephon would but ſtop his noſe,
Who now ſo impiouſly blaſphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her waſhes, ſlops, and ev'ry clout,
With which he makes ſo foul a rout;
He ſoon will learn to think like me,
And bleſs his raviſh'd eye to ſee
Such order from confuſion ſprung,
Such gaudy *tulips* rais'd from *dung*.

THE POWER OF TIME.

Written in the year 1730.

IF neither braſs nor marble can withſtand
The mortal force of *Time*'s deſtructive hand;
If mountains ſink to vales; if cities die,
And leſs'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry:
When my old caſſock (ſaid a Welch divine)
Is out at elbows, why ſhould I repine?

The REVOLUTION at MARKET-HILL.

Written in the year 1730.

FROM diſtant regions Fortune ſends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where Phoebus pays a ſcanty ſtipend,
Where never yet a codling ripen'd:
Hither the frantic goddeſs draws
Three ſuff'rers in a ruin'd cauſe:
By faction baniſh'd here unite,
A Dean, a Spaniard, and a Knight;

Unite, but on conditions cruel,
The Dean and Spaniard find it too well:
Condemn'd to live in ſervice hard;
On either ſide his Honour's guard,
The Dean to guard his Honour's back,
Muſt build a caſtle at Drumlack;
The Spaniard, ſore againſt his will,
Muſt raiſe a fort at Market-hill,
And thus the pair of humble gentry
At *north* and ſouth are poſted centry;
While in his lordly caſtle fixt
The knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
And what the wretches moſt reſent,
To be his ſlaves muſt pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their *chief*,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
Oh! Fortune! 'tis a ſcandal for thee
To ſmile on thoſe who are leaſt worthy:
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His ſlaves have ten times more than he.
Proud Baronet of Nova Scotia!
The Dean and Spaniard muſt reproach ye:
Of *their* two fames the world enough rings;
Where are *thy* ſervices and ſuff'rings?
What if for nothing once you kiſt,
Againſt the grain, a monarch's fiſt?
What if among the courtly tribe
You loſt a place and ſav'd a bribe!
And then in ſurly mood came here
To fifteen hundred pounds a-year,
And fierce againſt the Whigs harangu'd?
You never ventur'd to be hang'd.

How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compar'd with us?
Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms;
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right.
From Market-hill's exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's-mount deſcend,
And to the ſouth my ſquadrons bend.
New-river-walk, with friendly ſhade
Shall keep my hoſt in ambuſcade;
While you, from where the baſon ſtands,
Shall ſcale the rampart with your bands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, Lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan ſhe wears;
Then leſt upon our firſt attack
Her valiant arm ſhould force us back,
And we of all our hopes depriv'd;
I have a ſtratagem contriv'd.
By theſe embroider'd high-heel'd ſhoes
She ſhall be caught as in a nooſe;
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She'll not have pow'r to ſtir an inch:
Theſe gaudy ſhoes muſt Hannah place
Direct before her lady's face;
The ſhoes put on, our faithful portreſs
Admits us in to ſtorm the fortreſs;
While tortur'd Madam bound remains,
Like Montezume in golden chains,

Or like a cat with walnuts ſhod,
Stumbling at ev'ry ſtep ſhe trod.
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's iſle,
To catch a monkey by a wile
The mimic animal amuſe;
They place before him gloves and ſhoes;
Which when the brute puts awkward on,
All his agility is gone:
In vain to friſk or climb he tries;
The huntſmen ſeize the grinning prize.
But let us on our firſt aſſault
Secure the larder and the vault:
The valiant Dennis you muſt fix on,
And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon:
Then, if we once can ſeize the key
And cheſt, that keeps my Lady's tea,
They muſt ſurrender at diſcretion:
And ſoon as we have gain'd poſſeſſion,
We'll act as other conqu'rors do,
Divide the realm between us two:
Then (let me ſee) we'll make the Knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write;
But muſt not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer to wear his hat;
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whoſe ſkill does all in dreſs lie,
May ſerve to wait on Mrs Leſlie;
But, leſt it might not be ſo proper,
That her own maid ſhould overtop her;
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches low'r.

For Hannah, when we have no need of her:
'Twill be our int'reſt to get rid of her:
And when we execute our plot,
'Tis beſt to hang her on the ſpot;
As all your politicians wiſe
Diſpatch the rogues by whom they riſe.

TO

BETTY THE GRIZETTE.

Written in the year 1730.

QUEEN of wit and beauty, Betty!
Never may the muſe forget ye:
How thy face charms ev'ry ſhepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard;
And, thy freckled neck diſplay'd,
Envy breeds in ev'ry maid,
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow,
Or a tawny ſpeckled pippin
Shrivell'd with a winter's keeping.
And, thy beauty thus diſpatch'd,
Let me praiſe thy wit unmatch'd.
Sets of phraſes, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue ſupply.
And thy memory is loaded
With old ſcraps from plays exploded:
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all Chriſtian folks;
Shreds of wit, and ſenſeleſs rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thouſand times.
Nor wilt thou of gifts be ſparing,
Which can ne'er be worſe for wearing,

Picking wit among collegians,
In the playhouſe upper regions;
Where, in eighteen-penny gall'ry,
Iriſh nymphs learn Iriſh raill'ry:
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.
Thus with talents well endu'd
To be ſcurrilous and rude;
When you partly raiſe your ſnout,
Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and ſhout:
This among Hibernian aſſes
For ſheer wit and humour paſſes.
Thus indulgent Chloe bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

To an agreeable young Lady, but extremely lean.

Written in the year 1730.

DEATH went upon a ſolemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay:
The phantom, having humbly kiſt
His griſly monarch's ſooty fiſt,
Preſented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto obſerving ſince the peace,
The burial-article decreaſe;
And vex'd to ſee affairs miſcarry,
Declar'd in council, Death muſt marry:
Vow'd he no longer could ſupport
Old batchelors about his court:
Th' intereſt of his realm had need
That death ſhould get a num'rous breed;
Young *deathlings*, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might ſtock around
His large dominions under ground.
A conſult of coquets below
Was call'd to rig him out a beau:
From her own head Megara takes
A periwig of twiſted ſnakes;

Which in the niceſt faſhion curl'd,
(Like *toupets* of this upper world,)
With flow'r of ſulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on her ſhoulders fell,
An adder of the ſable kind,
In line direct, hang down behind.
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat;
His coat, an us'rer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpſe and all.
But loath his perſon to expoſe
Bare, like a carcaſe pick'd by crows,
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment caſe.
No new flux'd rake ſhew'd fairer ſkin;
Nor Phyllis after lying in.
With ſnuff was fill'd his ebon box,
Of ſhin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine ſpirits of blaſpheming ſops
with aconite anoint his chops:
And give him words of dreadful ſounds,
G—d d—n his blood, and b——d and w——ds.
Thus furniſh'd out, he ſent his train
To take a houſe in Warwick-lane:
The *faculty*, his humble friends,
A complimental meſſage ſends:
Their preſident in ſcarlet gown
Harangu'd, and welcom'd him to town.
But Death had bus'neſs to diſpatch;
His mind was running on his match.
And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His *Majeſty of terrors* came,

Fine as a col'nel of the guards,
To viſit where ſhe ſat at cards.
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleaſure jumps;
She ſcarce remembers what is trumps;
For ſuch a ſhape of ſkin and bone
Was never ſeen, except her own:
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and ſnout,
Her pocket-glaſs drew ſlily out;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As juſt the counter part of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the firſt advance;
Was of her beauty grown ſo vain,
She doubted not to win the *ſwain;*
Nothing, ſhe thought, could ſooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She aſk'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau:
Whether ſome late departed toaſts
Had got gallants among the ghoſts?
If Chloe were a ſharper ſtill
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there muſt needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books;)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom ſhe hang'd herſelf above?
How oft a week was kept a ball
By Proſerpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied thoſe Eliſian ſhades
The ſweeteſt place for maſquerades:

How pleaſant on the bank's of Styx,
To troll it in a coach and ſix!
What pride a female heart inflames!
How endleſs are ambition's aims!
Ceaſe, haughty nymph; the fates decree
Death muſt not be a ſpouſe for thee:
For when, by chance the meagre ſhade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial ſpirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguiſh'd Cupid's lamp:
Away the frighted ſpectre ſcuds,
And leaves my lady in the ſuds.

A

PANEGYRIC

ON THE

DEAN,

In the perſon of a LADY in the North.

Written in the year 1730.

RESOLV'D my gratitude to ſhow,
Thrice Rev'rend Dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd;
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our ſex's name,
My artleſs muſe ſhall ſing your fame.
Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker ſides are blind;
Nine more ſuch champions as the Dean
Would ſoon reſtore our ancient reign.
How well to win the ladies hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my ſpirits rais'd,
By you ſo oft, ſo highly prais'd!

Transform'd, by your convincing tongue,
To witty, beautiful, and young.
I hope to quit that aukward ſhame
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modeſty a weak pretence,
And ſoon grow pert on men of ſenſe;
To ſhew my face with ſcornful air,
Let other's match it, if they dare.
Impatient to be out of debt,
O, may I never once forget
The bard, who humbly deigns to chuſe
Me for the ſubject of his muſe.
Behind my back, before my noſe,
He ſounds my praiſe in verſe and proſe.
My heart with emulation burns
To make you ſuitable returns:
My gratitude the world ſhall know:
And, ſee, the printer's boy below;
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
A panegyric on Dean Swift;
And then, to mend the matter ſtill,
By Lady Anne of Market-hill.
I thus begin: My grateful muſe
Salutes the Dean in different views;
Dean, butler, uſher, jeſter, tutor;
Robert and Darby's coadjutor:
And as you in commiſſion ſit,
To rule the dairy next to Kit.
In each capacity I mean
To ſing your praiſe. And firſt as Dean:
Envy muſt own, you underſtand your
Precedence, and ſupport your grandeur:

Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give Dean Daniel place.
In you ſuch dignity appears;
So ſuited to your ſtate and years!
With ladies what a ſtrict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with ſo much complaiſance,
As fits a princeſs in romance!
By your example and aſſiſtance,
The *fellows* learn to know their diſtance.
Sir Arthur, ſince you ſet the pattern,
No longer calls me *ſnipe* and *flattern*;
Nor dares he, tho' he were a Duke,
Offend me with the leaſt rebuke.
Proceed we to your preaching next;
How nice you ſplit the hardeſt text!
How your ſuperior learning ſhines
Above your neighb'ring dull divines!
At Beggar's opera not ſo full pit
Is ſeen, as when you mount our pulpit.
Conſider now your converſation:
Regardful of your age and ſtation,
You ne'er was known by paſſion ſtirr'd,
To give the leaſt offenſive word:
But ſtill, whene'er you ſilence break,
Watch every ſyllable you ſpeak:
Your ſtile ſo clear, and ſo conciſe,
We never aſk to hear you twice.
But then, a parſon ſo genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band ſo clean,
As well becomes St Patrick's Dean;

Such reverential awe expreſs,
That cow-boys know you by your dreſs!
Then, if our neighb'ring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With ſuch addreſs, and graceful port,
As clearly ſhews you bred at court!
Now raiſe your ſpirits, Mr Dean,
I lead you to a nobler ſcene;
When to the vault you walk in ſtate,
In quality of *Butler*'s mate:
You next to Dennis bear the ſway:
To you we often truſt the key:
Nor can he judge with all his art
So well, what bottle holds a quart:
What pints may beſt for bottles paſs,
Juſt to give ev'ry man his glaſs;
When proper to produce the beſt;
And what may ſerve a common gueſt.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to ſteal your maſter's wine;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome *brother* ſerving-men;
But that is with a good deſign,
To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine;
Your maſter's honour to maintain,
And get the like returns again.
Your Uſher's poſt muſt next be handled:
How bleſs'd am I by ſuch a man led!
Under whoſe wiſe and careful guardſhip
I now deſpiſe fatigue and hardſhip:
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Tho' daggled round, I ſcorn to fret.

From you my chamber-damſels learn
My broken hoſe to patch and darn.
Now as a jeſter I accoſt you;
Which never yet one friend has loſt you.
You judge ſo nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to ſpare.
By long experience grown ſo wiſe,
Of every taſte to know the ſize,
There's none ſo ignorant or weak,
To take offence at what you ſpeak.
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a caſe
Whether with Dermot, or his Grace;
With Teague o'Murphy, or an Earl,
A Dutcheſs or a kitchen-girl.
With ſuch dexterity you fit
Their ſeveral talents with your wit,
That Moll the chambermaid can ſtroke,
And Gahagan take ev'ry joke.
I now become your humble ſuitor
To let me praiſe you as my tutor.
Poor I, a ſavage bred and born,
By you inſtructed ev'ry morn,
Already have improv'd ſo well,
That I have almoſt learn'd to ſpell:
The neighbours who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me ſpeak ſo *fine*.
How enviouſly the ladies look,
When they ſurprize me at my book!
And, ſure as they're alive, at night,
As ſoon as gone, will ſhew their ſpight:
Good Lord! what can my Lady mean,
Converſing with that ruſty Dean!

She's grown ſo nice, and ſo *penurious*,
With Socrates and Epicurius.
How could ſhe ſit the live-long day,
Yet never aſk us once to play?
But I admire your patience moſt,
That when I'm duller than a poſt,
Nor can the plaineſt word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are ſo indulgent, and ſo mild,
As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could ſpend my life in reading.
You merit new employments daily:
Our thatcher, ditcher, gard'ner, baily.
And to a genius ſo extenſive,
No work is grievous or offenſive;
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient ſtyes;
Or ponder long with anxious thought,
To baniſh rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, Rev'rend Dean,
To keep our poultry ſweet and clean;
To ſweep the manſion-houſe they dwell in,
And cure the rank unſav'ry ſmelling.
Now enter as the dairy handmaid:
Such charming butter never man made.
Let others, with fanatic face,
Talk of their *milk* for *babes of grace*;
From *tubs* their ſnuffling nonſenſe utter:
Thy *milk* ſhall make us *tubs* of butter.
The Biſhop, with his *foot* may burn it,
But with his *hand* the Dean can churn it.

How are the ſervants overjoy'd
To ſee thy Deanſhip thus employ'd?
Inſtead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning-hours you toſs and ſhake
The bottle till your fingers ake:
Hard is the toil, nor ſmall the art,
The butter from the whey to part;
Behold a frothy ſubſtance riſe;
Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd;
And out you ſqueeze an ounce at leaſt.
Your Rev'rence thus, with like ſucceſs,
(Nor is your ſkill or labour leſs,)
When bent upon ſome ſmart lampoon,
Will toſs and turn your brain till noon;
Which in its jumblings round the ſcull
Dilates, and makes the veſſel full:
While nothing comes but froth at firſt,
You think your giddy head will burſt:
But ſqueezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.
But you have rais'd your gen'rous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half ſo ſkill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnific ſize
Attract the curious trav'ler's eyes,
That might be envy'd by the Greeks,
Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks:
Here gentle goddeſs Cloacine
Receives all off'rings at her ſhrine.

In ſep'rate cells the he's and ſhe's
Here pay their vows with *bended knees*:
For 'tis prophane when ſexes mingle;
And ev'ry nymph muſt enter ſingle;
And when ſhe feels an *inward motion*,
Come fill'd with *rev'rence* and devotion.
The baſhful maid, to hide her bluſh,
Shall creep no more behind a buſh;
Here unobſerv'd ſhe boldly goes,
As who ſhould ſay, to *pluck a roſe*.

Ye who frequent this hallow'd ſcene,
Be not ungrateful to the Dean;
But duly, ere you leave your ſtation,
Offer to him a pure libation,
Or of his own, or Smedley's lay,
Or billetdoux, or lock of hay:
And, O! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb.

Yet when your lofty domes I praiſe,
I ſigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raiſe my ſtyle,
And ſweetly moralize a while.

Thee, bounteous goddeſs Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fix'd beneath?

When Saturn rul'd the ſkies alone,
(That *golden* age to *gold* unknown,)
This earthly globe to thee aſſign'd
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thouſand altars *ſmoaking* round'
Were built to thee, with off'rings crown'd:

And here the daily vot'ries plac'd
Their ſacrifice with zeal and haſte:
The margin of a purling ſtream
Sent up to thee a grateful ſteam:
(Tho' ſometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink,
If Naiads ſwept them from the brink:)
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The ſhelter of a ſhady grove;
Or offer'd in ſome flow'ry vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale.
There many a flow'r abſterſive grew,
Thy fav'rite flow'rs of yellow hue!
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowſlip ſoft, and ſweet jonquil.
But when at laſt uſurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove;
Then *Gluttony* with greaſy paws
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
With wat'ry chops, and wagging chin,
Brac'd like a drum her oily ſkin;
Wedg'd in a ſpacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble ſhare,
As if ſhe ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmleſs man to cram and ſtuff.
She ſent her prieſt in wooden ſhoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragoos;
Inſtead of wholeſome bread and cheeſe,
To dreſs their ſoops and fricaſſees;
And for our home-bred Britiſh cheer,
Botargo, catſup, and caveer.
This bloated harpy, ſprung from hell,
Confin'd thee, goddeſs, to a cell;

Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.
Firſt, lolling *Sloth* in woollen cap
Taking her after-dinner nap:
Pale *Dropſy* with a ſallow face,
Her belly burſt, and ſlow her pace:
And lordly *Gout* wrapt up in fur:
And wheezing *Aſthma*, loath to ſtir.
Voluptuous *Eaſe*, the child of *Wealth*,
Infecting thus our hearts by ſtealth;
None ſeek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But in their cells and vaults obſcene
Preſent a ſacrifice unclean;
From whence unſav'ry vapours roſe,
Offenſive to thy nicer noſe.
Ah! who in our degen'rate days,
As nature prompts, his off'ring pays?
Here nature never diff'rence made
Between the ſceptre and the ſpade.
Ye great ones, why will ye diſdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will ye place in lazy pride
Your altars near your couches ſide?
When from the homelieſt earthen ware
Are ſent up off'rings more ſincere,
Than where the haughty Ducheſs locks
Her ſilver vaſe in cedar-box.
Yet ſome devotion ſtill remains
Among our harmleſs northern ſwains,
Whoſe off'rings plac'd in golden ranks,
Adorn our cryſtal rivers banks;

Nor ſeldom grace the flow'ry downs,
With ſpiral tops and copple-crowns;
Or gilding in a ſunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So, poets ſing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.
Hither by luckleſs error led,
The crude conſiſtence oft I tread;
Here when my ſhoes are out of caſe,
Unweeting gild the tarniſh'd lace;
Here by the ſacred bramble ting'd,
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.
Be witneſs for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with deſign:
Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To waſh thy injur'd off'rings out.
But ſtop, ambitious muſe, in time,
Nor dwell on ſubjects too ſublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aſpiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.
Me Phoebus in a midnight-dream
Accoſting, ſaid, *Go ſhake your cream.*
Be humbly minded, know your poſt;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toaſt.
Thee beſt befits a lowly ſtyle:
Teach Dennis how to ſtir the *guile:*
With Peggy Dixon thoughtful ſit,
Contriving for the pot and ſpit.
Take down thy proudly-ſwelling ſails,
And rub thy teeth and pair thy nails:

And nicely carving ſhew thy wit;
But ne'er preſume to eat a bit:
Turn ev'ry way thy watchful eye;
And ev'ry gueſt be ſure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate except your own.
Be theſe thy arts; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.
But Cloacina, goddeſs bright,
Sleek —— claims her as his right:
And Smedley, flow'r of all divines,
Shall ſing the Dean in Smedley's lines.

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A Tragical Elegy.

Written in the year 1731.

TWO college ſophs of Cambridge growth,
Both ſpecial wits, and lovers both,
Conferring as they us'd to meet
On love, and books, in rapture ſweet;
(Muſe, find me names to fit my metre,
Caſſinus this, and t'other *Peter*).
Friend Peter to Caſſinus goes,
To chat a while, and warm his noſe.
But ſuch a ſight was never ſeen,
The lad lay ſwallow'd up in ſpleen.
He ſeem'd as juſt crept out of bed;
One greaſy ſtocking round his head,
The other he ſat down to darn
With threads of diff'rent colour'd yarn;
His breeches torn, expoſing wide
A ragged ſhirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his ſhins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.

A rug was o'er his ſhoulders thrown;
A rug; for nightgown he had none.
His jordan ſtood in manner fitting
Between his legs to ſpue or ſpit in.
His ancient pipe in ſable dy'd,
And half unſmok'd lay by his ſide.
Him thus accout'red Peter found,
With eyes in ſmoke and weeping drown'd:
The leavings of his laſt night's pot
On embers plac'd, to drink it hot.
Why, Caſſy, thou wilt doze thy pate;
What makes thee lie a-bed ſo late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thruſh,
Their mattins chaunt in ev'ry buſh:
And I have heard thee oft ſalute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heav'n ſend thou haſt not got the hyps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?
Then gave him ſome familiar thumps;
A college-joke to cure the dumps.
The ſwain at laſt, with grief oppreſt,
Cry'd, "Caelia!" thrice, and ſigh'd the reſt.
Dear Caſſy, though to aſk I dread,
Yet aſk I muſt. Is Caelia dead?
How happy I, were that the worſt?
But I was fated to be curſt.
Come, tell us, has ſhe plaid the whore?
Oh, Peter, would it were no more!
Why, plague confound her ſandy locks:
Say, has the ſmall or greater pox
Sunk down her noſe, or ſeam'd her face?
Be eaſy, 'tis a common caſe.

O Peter! beauty's but a varniſh,
Which time and accidents will tarniſh:
But Caelia has contriv'd to blaſt
Thoſe beauties that might ever laſt.
Nor can imagination gueſs,
Nor eloquence divine expreſs,
How that ungrateful, charming maid
My pureſt paſſion has betray'd.
Conceive the moſt invenom'd dart
To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.
Why, hang her; though ſhe ſeem'd ſo coy,
I know ſhe loves the barber's boy.
Friend Peter, this I could excuſe;
For ev'ry nymph has leave to chuſe;
Nor have I reaſon to complain
She loves a more deſerving ſwain.
But oh! how ill haſt thou divin'd
A crime, that ſhocks all human kind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the ſun ſhould hide his face;
Advice in vain you would apply———
Then leave me to deſpair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
Theſe elegies and ſonnets burn;
And on the marble grave theſe rhymes,
A monument to after times:
"Here Caſſy lies, by Caelia ſlain,
"And, dying, never told his pain."
Vain empty world, farewel. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark.
And there—behold Alecto ſtand,
A whip of ſcorpions in her hand.

Lo, Charon, from his leaky wherry
Beck'ning to waft me o'er the ferry.
I come, I come,—Meduſa! ſee,
Her ſerpents hiſs direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, helliſh fry:
Avant—ye cannot ſay 'tis I.
Dear Caſſy, thou muſt purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now by friendſhip's ſacred laws
I here conjure thee, tell the cauſe;
And Caelia's horrid fact relate:
Thy friend would gladly ſhare thy fate.
To force it out my heart muſt rend;
Yet when conjur'd by ſuch a friend———
Think, Peter, how my ſoul is rackt!
Theſe eyes, theſe eyes beheld the fact.
Now bend thine ear, ſince out it muſt;
But when thou ſeeſt me laid in duſt,
The ſecret thou ſhalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
(How would her virgin ſoul bemoan
A crime to all her ſex unknown!)
Nor whiſper to the tattling reeds
The blackeſt of all female deeds:
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo ſits, and liſt'ning mocks:
Nor let the zephyrs' treach'rous gale
Through Cambridge waft the direful tale;
Nor to the chatt'ring feather'd race
Diſcover Caelia's foul diſgrace.
But if you fail, my ſpectre dread
Attending nightly round your bed:

And yet I dare confide in you;
So take my ſecret, and adieu.
Nor wonder how I loſt my wits:
Oh! Caelia, Caelia, Caelia ſh—.

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYNPH GOING TO BED.

Written for the honour of the FAIR SEX, in 1731.

CORINNA, pride of Drury-lane,
For whom no ſhepherd ſighs in vain,
Never did Covent-garden boaſt
So bright a batter'd ſtrolling toaſt!
No drunken rake to pick her up,
No cellar, where on tick to ſup;
Returning at the midnight hour,
Four ſtories climbing to her bow'r;
Then ſeated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair.
Now picking out a cryſtal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her eyebrows from a mouſe's hide
Stuck on with art on either ſide,
Pulls off with care, and firſt diſplays 'em,
Then in a play-book ſmoothly lays 'em.
Now dextrouſly her plumpers draws,
That ſerve to fill her hollow jaws.
Untwiſts a wire, and from her gums
A ſet of teeth completely comes.

Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely goddeſs
Unlaces next her ſteel-ribb'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's ſkill,
Preſs down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off ſhe ſlips
The bolſters that ſupply her hips.
With gentleſt touch ſhe next explores
Her ſhancres, iſſues, running ſores;
Effects of many a ſad diſaſter,
And then to each applies a plaiſter:
But muſt, before ſhe goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,
And ſmooth the furrows in her front
With greaſy paper ſtuck upon't.
She takes a bolus ere ſhe ſleeps;
And then between two blankets creeps.
With pains of love tormented lies;
Or if ſhe chance to cloſe her eyes,
Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the laſh, and faintly ſcreams;
Or by a faithleſs bully drawn,
At ſome hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or to Jamaica ſeems tranſported,
Alone, and by no planter courted;
Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred ſtinks,
Belated, ſeems on watch to lie,
And ſnap ſome cully paſſing by;
Or, ſtruck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, conſtables, and duns,

From whom ſhe meets with frequent rubs;
But never from religious clubs;
Whoſe favour ſhe is ſure to find,
Becauſe ſhe pays them all in kind.
Corinna wakes. A dreadful ſight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaiſter ſtole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
The cryſtal eye, alas! was miſs'd;
And puſs had on her plumpers p—ſs'd.
A pigeon pick'd her iſſue-peas:
And Shock her treſſes fill'd with fleas.
The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
Muſt ev'ry morn her limbs unite.
But how ſhall I deſcribe her arts
To recollect the ſcatter'd parts?
Or ſhew the anguiſh, toil, and pain,
Of gath'ring up herſelf again?
The baſhful muſe will never bear
In ſuch a ſcene to interfere.
Corinna in the morning dizen'd,
Who ſees, will ſpue; who ſmells, be poiſon'd.

STREPHON AND CHLOE.

Written in the year 1731.

OF Chloe all the town has rung,
By ev'ry ſize of poets ſung:
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thouſand years;
By nature form'd with niceſt care,
And faultleſs to a ſingle hair.
Her graceful mien, her ſhape, and face,
Confeſs'd her of no mortal race:
And then ſo nice, and ſo genteel;
Such cleanlineſs from head to heel:
No humours groſs, or frowzy ſteams,
No noiſome whiffs, or ſweaty ſtreams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintleſs body flow;
Would ſo diſcreetly things diſpoſe,
None ever ſaw her pluck a roſe.
Her deareſt comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams, to make maid's water.
You'd ſwear that ſo divine a creature
Felt no neceſſities of nature.
In ſummer had ſhe walk'd the town,
Her armpits would not ſtain her gown:

At country-dances not a noſe
Could in the dog-days ſmell her toes.
Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
Like iv'ry dry, and ſoft as wax.
Her hands, the ſofteſt ever felt,
Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.
Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
Nor let her looſe, to ſpoil your trade.
While ſhe engroſſes ev'ry ſwain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a caſe all men are now in,
What ogling, ſighing, toaſting, vowing!
What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
What ſword-knots! what poetic ſtrains!
What billet-doux, and clouded canes!
But Strephon ſigh'd ſo loud and ſtrong,
He blew a ſettlement along;
And bravely drove his rivals down
With coach and ſix, and houſe in town.
The baſhful nymph no more withſtands,
Becauſe her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites:
Proceed we to the marriage-rites.
Imprimis, at the temple-porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
The ſmiling Cyprian goddeſs brings
Her infant Loves with purple wings;
And pigeons billing, ſparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
The Muſes next in order follow,
Conducted by their 'ſquire, Apollo:

Then Mercury with ſilver tongue,
And Hebe, goddeſs ever young.
Behold, the bridegroom and his bride
Walk'd hand in hand, and ſide by ſide,
She by the tender Graces dreſt,
But he by Mars, in ſcarlet veſt.
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,
And Phœbus ſung th' *epithalamium*.
And laſt, to make the matter ſure,
Dame Juno brought a prieſt demure.
Luna was abſent, on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.
The rites perform'd, the parſon paid,
In ſtate return'd the grand parade;
With loud huzza's from all the boys,
That now the pair muſt *crown their joys*.
But ſtill the hardeſt part remains,
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
How with ſo high a nymph he might
Demean himſelf the wedding-night:
For as he view'd his perſon round,
Mere mortal fleſh was all he found:
His hand, his neck, his mouth and feet,
Were duly waſh'd to keep them ſweet;
(With other parts that ſhall be nameleſs,
The ladies elſe might think me ſhameleſs.)
The weather and his love were hot;
And ſhould he ſtruggle, I know what—
Why, let it go, if I muſt tell it—
He'll ſweat, and then the nymph may ſmell it

While ſhe, a goddeſs, dy'd in grain,
Was unſuſceptible of ſtain;
And, Venus like, her fragrant ſkin
Exhal'd *ambroſia* from within.
Can ſuch a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure?
How did the humbled ſwain deteſt
His prickly beard and hairy breaſt!
His nightcap border'd round with lace
Could give no ſoftneſs to his face.
Yet if the goddeſs could be kind,
What endleſs raptures muſt he find!
And goddeſſes have now and then
Come down to viſit mortal men;
To viſit and to court them too:
A certain goddeſs, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read,)
Took Col'nel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he ſhould loſe his life
By vent'ring on his heavenly wife?
For Strephon could remember well,
That once he heard a ſchool-boy tell,
How Semele of mortal race
By thunder died in Jove's embrace:
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning ſhot from Chloe's eyes.
While theſe reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, ſtript, and in he crept,
But awfully his diſtance kept.
Now *ponder well, ye parents dear;*
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer;

And make them every afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it ſoon;
That ere to bed they venture up,
They may diſcharge it every ſup;
If not, they muſt in evil plight
Be often forc'd to riſe at night.
Keep them to wholſome food confin'd,
Nor let them taſte what cauſes wind:
('Tis this the ſage of Samos means,
Forbidding his diſciples beans.)
O think what evils muſt enſue;
Miſs Moll the jade will burn it blue:
And when ſhe once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart;
But out it flies, even when ſhe meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-ſheets.
Carminative and *diuretic*
Will damp all paſſion ſympathetic;
And love ſuch nicety requires,
One *blaſt* will put out all his fires.
Since huſbands get behind the ſcene,
The wife ſhould ſtudy to be clean;
Nor give the ſmalleſt room to gueſs
The time when wants of nature preſs;
But after marriage practice more
Decorum than ſhe did before
To keep her ſpouſe deluded ſtill,
And make him fancy what ſhe will.

In bed we left the married pair:
'Tis time to ſhew how things went there.
Strephon, who had been often told
That fortune ſtill aſſiſts the bold,

Reſolv'd to make the firſt attack;
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph ſo chaſte as Chloe,
With conſtitution cold and ſnowy,
Permit a brutiſh man to touch her?
Even lambs by inſtinct fly the butcher.
Reſiſtance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right:
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, and word, and deed.
Yet ſome aſſign a different reaſon;
That Strephon choſe no proper ſeaſon.
Say, fair ones, muſt I make a pauſe,
Or freely tell the ſecret cauſe?
Twelve cups of tea (with grief I ſpeak)
Had now conſtrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point muſt needs be ſettled firſt:
The bride muſt either void or burſt.
Then ſee the dire effects of peaſe,
Think what can give the cholic eaſe.
The nymph oppreſs'd before, behind,
As ſhips are toſs'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a veſſel into bed:
Fair utenſil, as ſmooth and white
As Chloe's ſkin, almoſt as bright.
Strephon, who heard the fuming rill
As from a moſſy cliff diſtil,
Cry'd out, Ye Gods! what ſound is this?
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe, ——— ?
But when he ſmelt a noiſome ſteam,
Which oft attends that lukewarm ſtream:

(Salerno both together joins,
As ſov'reign med'cines for the loins;)
And tho' contriv'd, we may ſuppoſe,
To ſlip his ears, yet ſtruck his noſe:
He found her, while the ſcent increas'd,
As *mortal* as himſelf at leaſt.
But ſoon with like occaſions preſt,
He boldly ſent his hand in queſt
(Inſpir'd with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other ſide:
And as he fill'd the reeking vaſe,
Let fly a rouſer in her face.
The little Cupids hov'ring round,
(As pictures prove, with garlands crown'd,)
Abaſh'd at what they ſaw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.
Adieu to raviſhing delights,
High raptures, and romantic flights;
To goddeſſes ſo heavenly ſweet,
Expiring ſhepherds at their feet;
To ſilver meads and ſhady bow'rs,
Dreſs'd up with amaranthine flow'rs.
How great a change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a ſpade a ſpade.
They ſoon from all conſtraint are freed;
Can ſee each other *do their need.*
On box of cedar ſits the wife,
And makes it warm for *deareſt life;*
And, by the beaſtly way of thinking,
Find great ſociety in ſtinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homely ſtrains;

And Chloe more experienc'd grown,
With int'reſt pays him back his own.
No maid at court is leſs aſham'd,
Howe'er for ſelling bargains fam'd,
Than ſhe to name her parts behind,
Or when abed to let out wind.

Fair Decency, celeſtial maid,
Deſcend from heaven to Beauty's aid;
Though Beauty may beget deſire,
'Tis thou muſt fan the lover's fire;
For Beauty, like ſupreme dominion,
Is beſt ſupported by Opinion:
If Decency bring no ſupplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.

To ſee ſome radiant nymph appear
In all her glitt'ring birthday-gear,
You think ſome goddeſs from the ſky
Deſcended ready cut and dry:
But, ere you ſell yourſelf to laughter,
Conſider well what may come after;
For fine ideas vaniſh faſt,
While all the groſs and filthy laſt.

O Strephon, ere that fatal day
When Chloe ſtole your heart away,
Had you but thro' a cranny ſpy'd
On houſe of eaſe your future bride,
In all the poſtures of her face,
Which nature gives in ſuch a caſe;
Diſtortions, groanings, ſtrainings, heavings,
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddeſs grown a filthy mate.

Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you ſaw, and what you ſmelt;
Would ſtill the ſame ideas give ye,
As when you ſpy'd her on the privy.
And, ſpite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.
Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women muſt be decent;
And from the ſpouſe each blemiſh hide,
More than from all the world beſide.
Unjuſtly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds ſo ſhort a reign;
Is after marriage loſt ſo ſoon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon:
For if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.
They take poſſeſſion of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down:
Though, by the politicians ſcheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power ſupreme,
Thoſe arts by which at firſt they gain it,
They ſtill muſt practice to maintain it.
What various ways our females take
To paſs for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitleſs ſearch purſue
All other methods but the true.
Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books againſt their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On ev'ry natural defect:
Some ſhew they never want explaining
To comprehend a double meaning.

But ſure a tell-tale out of ſchool
Is of all wits the greateſt fool:
Whoſe rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips diſtils;
You'd think ſhe utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.
Why is a handſome wife ador'd
By ev'ry coxcomb but her Lord?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wiſely hides his wood and wire;
Shews Sheba's queen completely dreſt,
And Solomon in royal veſt;
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or ſtrung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's Duke, and Prince of Greece.
A prudent builder ſhould forecaſt
How long the ſtuff is like to laſt;
And carefully obſerve the ground
To build on ſome foundation ſound:
What houſe, when its materials crumble,
Muſt not inevitably tumble?
What edifice can long endure
Rais'd on a baſis unſecure?
Raſh mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to laſt for life:
Since beauty ſcarce endures a day,
And youth ſo ſwiftly glides away;
Why will you make yourſelf a bubble,
To build on ſand with hay and ſtubble?
On ſenſe and wit your paſſion found,
By decency cemented round;

Let prudence with good nature ſtrive
To keep eſteem and love alive.
Then come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendſhip ſhall continue ſtill:
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

APOLLO:

OR,

A PROBLEM SOLVED.

Written in the year 1731.

APOLLO, god of light and wit,
Could verſe inſpire, but ſeldom writ;
Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chymiſts by their books:
As handſome as my Lady's page;
Sweet five and twenty was his age.
His wig was made of ſunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays:
Not all the court of heav'n could ſhow
So nice and ſo complete a beau.
No heir upon his firſt appearance,
With twenty thouſand pounds a-year rents,
E'er drove, before he ſold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand;
The ſpokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were ſilver, and the axle gold.
(I own, 'twas but a coach and four,
For Jupiter allows no more.)
Yet with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thouſand hearts,

No vulgar deity above
Was ſo unfortunate in love.
Three weighty cauſes were aſſign'd,
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine Muſes always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found 'em.
His ſinging was another fault;
For he could reach to *B* in *alt*:
And, by the ſentiments of Pliny,
Such ſingers are like Nicolini.
At laſt the point was fully clear'd;
In ſhort, Apollo had no beard.

THE

PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

Written in the year 1731.

ALL folks, who pretend to *religion* and *grace*,
Allow there's a HELL, but diſpute of the place:
But if HELL may by logical rules be defin'd
The *place of the damn'd*—I'll tell you my mind.
Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Moſt certainly there is HELL to be found:
Damn'd *poets*, damn'd *critics*, damn'd *blockheads*, damn'd *knaves*,
Damn'd *ſenators* brib'd, damn'd proſtitute *ſlaves*;
Damn'd *lawyers* and *judges*, damn'd *lords* and damn'd *ſquires*;
Damn'd *ſpies* and *informers*, damn'd *friends*, and damn'd *liars*;
Damn'd *villains*, corrupted in every *ſtation*;
Damn'd *time-ſerving prieſts* all over the *nation*:
And into the bargain I'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant *prelates* and *counſellors privy*.
Then let us no longer by *parſons* be flamm'd,
For we know by theſe *marks* the place of the damn'd:
And HELL, to be ſure, is at Paris or Rome.
How happy for *us* that it is not at *home!*

JUDAS.

Written in the year 1731.

BY the juſt vengeance of incenſed ſkies
Poor Biſhop Judas late repenting dies.
The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe;
Which, though his conſcience forc'd him to reſtore,
(And parſons tell us, no man can do more,)
Yet, through deſpair, of God and man accurſt,
He loſt his biſhopric, or hang'd and burſt.
Thoſe former ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his maſter with a kiſs:
But ſome have kiſs'd the goſpel fifty times,
Whoſe perjury's the leaſt of all their crimes:
Some who can perjure through a two-inch board,
Yet keep their biſhoprics, and 'ſcape the cord.
Like hemp, which, by a ſkilful ſpinſter drawn
To ſlender threads, may ſometimes paſs for lawn.
As antient *Judas by tranſgreſſion fell*,
And *burſt aſunder* ere he went to hell;
So could we ſee a ſet of new Iſcariots
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots;
Each modern Judas periſh like the firſt;
Drop from the tree with all his bowels burſt;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry, *Lo Judas gone to his own place;*
His habitation let all men forſake,
And let his biſhopric another take!

The Author having been told by an intimate Friend, that the Duke of QUEENSBERRY had employed Mr GAY to inſpect the accounts and management of his Grace's receivers and ſtewards, (which however proved afterwards to be a miſtake,) writ to Mr GAY the following Poem,

In the year 1731.

HOW could you, Gay, diſgrace the Muſes train,
To ſerve a taſteleſs court twelve years in vain!
Fain would I think our female friend ſincere,
Till Bob, the poet's foe, poſſeſs'd her ear.
Did female virtue e'er ſo high aſcend,
To loſe an inch of favour for a friend?
Say, had the court no better place to chuſe
For thee, than make a dry-nurſe of thy muſe?
How cheaply had thy liberty been ſold,
To ſquire a royal girl of two years old;
In leading ſtrings her infant-ſteps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble ſide by ſide!
But princely Douglas and his glorious dame
Advanc'd thy fortune, and preſerv'd thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be miſapply'd,
When o'er your patron's treaſure you preſide:
The world ſhall own his choice was wiſe and juſt,
For ſons of Phœbus never break their truſt.

Not love of beauty leſs the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the Sultan's dames:
Their paſſions not more impotent and cold,
Than thoſe of poets to the *luſt* of gold.
With Paean's pureſt fire his fav'rites glow,
The dregs will ſerve to ripen ore below;
His meaneſt work: For, had he thought it fit,
That wealth ſhould be the appennage of wit,
The god of *light* could ne'er have been ſo *blind*,
To deal it to the worſt of humankind.
But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretel.
And, firſt: To make my obſervation right,
I place a *ſtateſman* full before my ſight,
A bloated *miniſter* in all his geer;
With ſhameleſs viſage, and perfidious leer;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw;
And, oſtrich-like, his all-digeſting maw.
My fancy drags this *monſter* to my view,
To ſhew the world his chief reverſe in you.
Of loud unmeaning ſounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous ſtreams of mud;
With theſe the court and ſenate-houſe he plies,
Made up of noiſe, and impudence, and lies.
Now let me ſhew how Bob and you agree:
You ſerve a *potent prince* as well as he.
The *ducal* coffers truſted to your charge,
Your honeſt care may fill, perhaps enlarge.
His vaſſals eaſy, and the owner bleſt,
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the reſt.
Not ſo a nation's revenues are paid:
The ſervants faults are on the maſter laid.

The people with a ſigh their taxes bring;
And curſing Bob, forget to bleſs the King.
Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires
With *ſervants*, *tenants*, and the neighb'ring *'ſquires*.
Let all domeſtics feel your gentle ſway:
Nor bribe, inſult, nor flatter, nor betray.
Let due reward to merit be allow'd;
Nor with your KINDRED *half the palace crowd.*
Nor think yourſelf ſecure in doing wrong,
By *telling noſes with a party ſtrong.*
Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade;
At leaſt, *before your maſter's debts are paid.*
Nor *in a palace built with charge immenſe,*
Preſume to treat him at his own expence.
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count,
To what your lawful perquiſites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardneſs of the times,
Are ill excuſes for a ſervant's crimes.
With int'reſt, and a *premium* paid beſide,
The maſter's preſſing wants muſt be ſupply'd;
With haſty zeal behold the ſteward come
By his own credit to advance the ſum;
Who, while *th' unrighteous Mammon* is his friend,
May well conclude his power will never end.
A faithful treas'rer! what could he do more?
He lends my Lord, what was my Lord's before.
The law ſo ſtrictly guards the monarch's health,
That no phyſician dares preſcribe by ſtealth:
The council ſit; approve the doctor's ſkill;
And give advice, before he gives the pill.
But the *ſtate emp'ric* acts a ſafer part;
And, while he *poiſons*, *wins* the royal heart.

But how can I deſcribe the rav'nous breed?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.
Suppoſe your Lord a truſty ſervant ſend
On weighty bus'neſs to ſome neighb'ring friend:
Preſume not, Gay, unleſs you ſerve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.
Should ſome *imperious neighbour* ſink the boats,
And drain the *fiſh-ponds*, while your *maſter* dotes:
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Becauſe he brib'd you with a brace of tench?
Nor from your Lord his bad condition hide
To feed his luxury, or ſooth his pride.
Nor at an under-rate his timber ſell,
And with an oath aſſure him, *all is well.*
Or *ſwear it rotten; and with humble airs*
Requeſt it of him to complete your ſtairs.
Nor when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purſe of guineas in your hands.
Have Peter Waters always in your mind;
That rogue of *genuine miniſterial* kind
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch;
Starve twenty lords to make one ſcoundrel rich:
And, when he gravely has undone a ſcore,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.
A dext'rous ſteward, when his tricks are found,
Huſh-money ſends to all the neighbours round;
His maſter, unſuſpicious of his pranks,
Pays all the coſt, and gives the villain thanks.
And ſhould a friend attempt to ſet him right,
His Lordſhip would impute it all to ſpite:
Would love his fav'rite better than before,
And truſt his honeſty juſt ſo much more,

Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
Are ſunk by *premier miniſters of ſtate*.
Some, when an heir ſucceeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the *father*, rob the *ſon*.
A knave who deep imbroils his lord's affairs,
Will ſoon grow *neceſſary* to his heirs.
His policy conſiſts in *ſetting traps*,
In finding *ways and means*, and *ſtopping gaps*:
He knows a thouſand tricks whene'er he pleaſe,
Tho' not to cure, yet palliate each diſeaſe.
In either caſe an equal chance is run;
For keep, or turn him out, my Lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy ſink;
No cleanly workman can endure the ſtink.
A ſtrong dilemma in a deſp'rate caſe!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.
A bungler thus, who ſcarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel ſplit:
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a ſecond, leſt the whole ſhould break.
In every court the parallel will hold;
And kings, like private folks, are bought and ſold.
The ruling rogue who dreads to be caſheer'd,
Contrives, as he is *hated*, to be *fear'd*:
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs;
For *vengeance* more *imbroils*, than *ſkill repairs*.
So robbers, (and their ends are juſt the ſame,)
To 'ſcape inquiries, *leave the houſe in flame*.
I knew a *brazen* miniſter of ſtate,
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate,
In every mouth the queſtion moſt in vogue
Was, *When will they turn out this odious rogue?*

A juncture happen'd in his higheſt pride:
While *he* went robbing on, *old maſter* dy'd.
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
His work is done, the miniſter muſt out.
The court *invited* more than one or two;
Will you, Sir Spencer? or, Will *you*, or *you?*
But not a ſoul his office durſt accept;
The ſubtle knave had all the plunder ſwept:
And ſuch was then the temper of the times,
He ow'd his preſervation to his crimes.
The candidates obſerv'd his dirty paws,
Nor found it difficult to gueſs the cauſe:
But when they ſmelt ſuch foul corruptions round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.
Thus, when a greedy ſloven once has thrown
His *ſnot* into the *meſs*, *'tis all his own.*

The following poem was first printed in Fog's journal of the 17th of September 1733. The subject of it is now over; but our author's known zeal against that project, made it be generally supposed to be his. It was occasioned by the bishops of Ireland endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings; which bill was rejected by the Irish house of Commons.

Written in the year 1731.

OLD Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A bishop, who rul'd all the rest of his tribe;
And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
Why, truly 'tis Satan, Archbishop of hell.
And HE was a primate, and HE wore a mitre
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
But he has the odds, who *believes and who trembles.*
Could you see his grim Grace, for a pound to a penny,
You'd swear it must be the *baboon* of K———y:
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious:
I wish I could find him out one more commodious.
But this I am sure, the *most rev'rend old dragon*
Has got on the bench many b———s suffragan;
And all men believe he presides there *incog.*
To give them, by turns, an invisible jog.

Our biſhops puſt up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labour'd with whip and with ſpur,
In vain—for the devil a parſon would ſtir.
So the Commons unhors'd them, and this was their doom,
On their croſiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.
Tho' they gallop'd ſo faſt, on the road you may find 'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.
Lord Bolton's good Grace, Lord Car, and Lord Howard,
In ſpite of the devil, would ſtill be untoward.
They came of good kindred, and could not endure,
Their former companions ſhould beg at their door.
When Chriſt was betray'd to Pilate the Praetor,
Of a dozen apoſtles, but one prov'd a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you ſix traitors in ſeven.
What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings;
And the clergy forſooth muſt take up with their leavings.
If making *diviſions* was all their intent,
They've done it, we thank 'em, but not as they meant;
And ſo may ſuch biſhops for ever *divide*,
That no honeſt heathen would be on their ſide.
How ſhould we rejoice, if, like Judas the firſt,
Thoſe ſplitters of parſons in ſunder ſhould burſt?
Now hear an alluſion:—A mitre you know,
Is divided above, but united below.

If this you conſider, our emblem is right ;
The b———s *divide*, but the clergy *unite*.
Should the bottom be ſplit, our b——s would dread
That the mitre would never ſtick faſt on their head ;
And yet they have learn'd the chief art of a ſov'reign,
As Machiavel taught 'em, *Divide, and ye govern*.
But courage, my L—ds ; tho' it cannot be ſaid
That one *cloven tongue* ever ſat on your head ;
I'll hold you a groat, and I wiſh I could ſee't,
If your ſtockings were off, you could ſhew *cloven feet*.
But hold, cry the b——s, and give us fair play ;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can ſay.
What truer affection could ever be ſhown,
Than ſaving your ſouls, by damning our own ?
And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you ;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you ;
Provided a fund for building your ſpittals ?
You are only to live four years without victuals.
Content, my good L—ds ; but let us change hands ;
Firſt take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bleſs the church, and three of our mitres ;
And God bleſs the Commons for *biting the biters*.

VERSES

ON RECEIVING

TWO PRESENTS.

A Paper book is ſent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to ſoil.
Delany ſends a ſilver ſtandiſh,
When I no more a pen can brandiſh;
Let both around my tomb be plac'd,
As trophies of a muſe deceas'd:
And let the friendly lines they writ
In praiſe of long departed wit,
Be grav'd on either ſide in columns,
More to my praiſe than all my volumes;
To burſt with envy, ſpite, and rage,
The Vandals of the preſent age.

A LOVE SONG

In the Modern Taste.

Written in the year 1733.

I.

FLUTT'RING ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
If a ſlave in thy dominions;
Nature muſt give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days conſuming
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair *Diſcretion*, ſtring the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking ſlumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the cryſtal mirrors,
Wat'ring ſoft Elyſian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypreſs, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate,
See the bird of Juno ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to fate.

On the words BROTHER-PROTESTANTS, and FELLOW-CHRISTIANS, ſo familiarly uſed by the Advocates for the repeal of the TEST-ACT in Ireland.

Written in the year 1733.

AN inundation, ſays the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and ſtable;
Whole ricks of hay and ſtacks of corn
Were down the ſudden current born:
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The gen'rous wheat forgot its pride,
And ſail'd with litter ſide by ſide;
Uniting all to ſhew their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropt horſe's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
See, brother, how we apples ſwim.
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff ſcorns:
Not for the world;—we doctors, brother,
Muſt take no fees of one another.
Thus to a dean ſome curate ſloven
Subſcribes, *Dear Sir, your brother loving.*
Thus all the footmen, ſhoe-boys, porters,
About St James's, cry, *We courtiers.*

Thus H——ce in the houſe will prate,
Sir, we the miniſters of ſtate.
Thus at the bar that blockhead Beteſworth,
Though half a crown o'erpays his ſweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text, nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother-ſergeant.
And thus fanatic ſaints, though neither in
Doctrine nor diſcipline our brethren,
Are *brother proteſtants* and *Chriſtians*,
As much as Hebrews and Philiſtines:
But in no other ſenſe, than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body ſuck their food!
But is a louſe your fleſh and blood?
Though born of human filth and ſweat, it
May as well be ſaid man did beget it.
But maggots in your noſe and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
Yet critics may object, Why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our ſwarm of ſects determine
Employments for their brother-vermin.
But be they Engliſh, Iriſh, Scottiſh,
What proteſtant can be ſo ſottiſh,
While o'er the church theſe clouds are gath'ring,
To call a ſwarm of lice his brethren?
As Moſes, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the duſt to lice;
And as our ſects, by all deſcriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
As from the trodden duſt they ſpring,
And, turn'd to lice, infeſt the king:

For pity's ſake it would be juſt,
A *rod* ſhould turn them back to *duſt*.
Let folks in high or holy ſtations
Be proud of owning ſuch relations:
Let courtiers hug them in their boſom,
As if they were afraid to loſe 'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption—*Thou'rt my father.*
For he that has ſo little wit
To nouriſh vermin, may be *bit*.

ON POETRY.

A RHAPSODY.

Written in the year 1733.

ALL human race would fain be *wits*,
And millions miſs for one that hits.
Young's univerſal paſſion, *pride*,
Was never known to ſpread ſo wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boaſt
Three poets in an age at moſt?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A *ſprig* of bays in fifty years:
While ev'ry fool his claim alledges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reaſon can there be aſſign'd
For this perverſeneſs in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A *bear* will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd *horſe* will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A *dog* by inſtinct turns aſide,
Who ſees the ditch too deep and wide.
But *man* we find the only creature
Who, led by *folly*, combates *nature*;
Who, when *ſhe* loudly cries, *Forbear*,
With obſtinacy fixes there;

And where his genius leaſt inclines
Abſurdly bends his whole deſigns.
Not *empire* to the riſing ſun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not higheſt *wiſdom* in debates
For framing laws to govern ſtates;
Not ſkill in ſciences profound
So large to graſp the circle round;
Such heav'nly influence require,
As how to ſtrike the *muſe's lyre.*
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not baſtard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning ſhoes,
The ſpawn of Bridewell or the ſtews;
Not infant dropt, the ſpurious pledges
Of *gypſies* litt'ring under hedges,
Are ſo diſqualify'd by fate
To riſe in *church*, or *law*, or *ſtate*,
As he whom Phoebus in his ire
Hath blaſted with poetic fire.
What hope of cuſtom in the *fair*,
While not a ſoul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public uſe?
Court, *city*, *country* want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets law makes no proviſion;
The wealthy have you in deriſion;
Of ſtate-affairs you cannot ſmatter;
Are aukward when you try to flatter:
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was juſt one annual hundred pound;

Now not ſo much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grubſtreet line.
Poor ſtarv'ling bard, how ſmall thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a *ſimile* comes pat in:
Though *chickens* take a month to fatten,
The gueſts, in leſs than half an hour
Will more than half a ſcore devour.
So after toiling twenty days
To earn a ſtock of pence and praiſe,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are ſwallow'd o'er a diſh of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the *chickens* went before.
How ſhall a new attempter learn
Of diff'rent ſpirits to diſcern,
And how diſtinguiſh which is which,
The poet's vein, or ſcribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd ſinner,
Inſtructing thus a young beginner.
Conſult yourſelf, and if you find
A pow'rful impulſe urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breaſt
What ſubject you can manage beſt;
Whether your genius moſt inclines
To ſatire, praiſe, or hum'rous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue ſent from hand unknown.
Then riſing with Aurora's light,
The Muſe invok'd, ſit down to write;

Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.
Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with num'rous *breaks*——*dashes*——
To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic type*.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:
But when in *capitals* expresst,
The dullest reader smokes the jest:
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.
Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost:
And how agreeably surpris'd
Are you to see it advertis'd!
The hawkers shew you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.
Be sure at Will's, the foll'wing day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say.

And if you find the gen'ral vogue
Pronounces you a ſtupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit ſtill, and ſwallow down your ſpittle.
Be ſilent as a politician,
For talking may beget ſuſpicion:
Or praiſe the judgment of the town,
And help yourſelf to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker ſide:
For poems read without a name
We juſtly praiſe, or juſtly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuſe:
And ſince you ne'er provoke their ſpite,
Depend upon't their judgment's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Conſider what a riſk you run:
You loſe your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vileſt doggrel Grubſtreet ſends
Will paſs for your's with foes and friends;
And you muſt bear the whole diſgrace,
Till ſome freſh blockhead takes your place.
Your ſecret keep, your poem ſunk,
And ſent in quires to line a trunk,
If ſtill you be diſpos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a ſecond time.
Again you fail: Yet *Safe*'s the word;
Take courage and attempt a third.
But firſt with care employ your thoughts,
Where critics mark'd your former faults:

The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The *similes* that nothing fit;
The *cant* which ev'ry fool repeats,
Town-jests and coffeehouse conceits,
Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why:
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;
A public or a private *robber*,
A *statesman*, or a south-sea *jobber*;
A *prelate* who no god believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pick-purse at the bar, or bench,
A dutchess, or a suburb-wench:
Or oft when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like stepping-stones to save a stride
In streets, where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short:
Or like a bridge, that joins a marish
To moorlands of a diff'rent parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag diff'rent ways in miry grounds.
So geographers in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er inhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

But though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.

Lay now aſide all thoughts of fame,
To ſpring more profitable game.
From party-merit ſeek ſupport;
The vileſt verſe thrives beſt at court.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the ſale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits ev'ry virtue round,
As emblems of the ſov'reign pow'r,
Like other baubles in the Tow'r:
Is gen'rous, valiant, juſt, and wiſe,
And ſo continues till he dies:
His humble *ſenate* this profeſſes
In all their *ſpeeches, votes, addreſſes.*
But once you fix him in a tomb;
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praiſe,
Aſcending, make one funeral blaze:
As ſoon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns d—l in hell:
And lo! his miniſters of ſtate,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the ſcenes of endleſs woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And, as they ſail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a ſop,
His triple-barking mouth to ſtop;

Or in the iv'ry gate of dreams
Project exciſe and ſouth-ſea ſchemes;
Or hire their party-pamphleteers:
To ſet Elyſium by the ears.
Then, *poet*, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your muſe on kings alive;
With prudence gath'ring up a cluſter
Of all the virtues you can muſter,
Which form'd into a garland ſweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet;
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will ſmile, and think them all his own;
For *law* and *goſpel* both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine.
(I mean the oracles of both,
Who ſhall depoſe it upon oath.)
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.
But, if you think this trade too baſe,
(Which ſeldom is the dunce's caſe,)
Put on the critic's brow, and ſit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a ſhrug, a ſcornful ſmile,
With caution us'd, may ſerve a while.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of *unities, in time and place;*
Get ſcraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers ends;

Learn Ariſtotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wiſe Dennis, and profound Boſſu.
Read all the *prefaces* of Dryden,
For theſe our critics much confide in,
(Tho' merely writ at firſt for filling,
To raiſe the volume's price a ſhilling.)
A forward critic often dupes us
With ſham quotations *peri hupſous*:
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magiſterially outſhine us.
Then, leſt with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Tranſlated from Boileau's tranſlation,
And quote *quotation* on *quotation*.
At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with deciſive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle ſubmits.
He gives directions to the town
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like *courtiers*, when they ſend a note,
Inſtructing members how to vote.
He ſets the ſtamp of bad and good,
Tho' not a word be underſtood.
Your leſſon learn'd, you'll be ſecure
To get the name of *connoiſſeur*:
And when your merits once are known,
Procure diſciples of your own.

Poor poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through *Auguſta Trinobantum*,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to juſt nine thouſand ſouls:
Theſe o'er their proper diſtricts govern,
Of wit and humour judges ſov'reign.
In ev'ry ſtreet a city-bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His indiſputed rights extend
Thro' all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his *ſhrewdneſs*
For ſongs of *loyalty* and *lewdneſs*;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Altho' he never learn'd to ſpell.
Two bord'ring wits contend for glory;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory:
And this for epics claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers ſoft and ſmooth,
By lovers ſpoke in Punch's booth:
And ſome as juſtly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Maevius reigns o'er Kentiſh town:
Tigellius plac'd in Phoebus' car
From Ludgate ſhines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birthday-ſtrains;
Whence Gay was baniſh'd in diſgrace,
Where Pope will never ſhow his face;
Where Y——g muſt torture his invention
To flatter *knaves*, or loſe his *penſion*.

But theſe are not a thouſandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper ſtation,
And all in due ſubordination;
Thro' ev'ry alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground:
And when they join their *pericranies*,
Out ſkips a *book of miſcellanies*.
Hobbes clearly proves, that ev'ry creature
Lives in a ſtate of war by nature.
The greater for the ſmalleſt watch,
But meddle ſeldom with their match:
A whale of mod'rate ſize will draw
A ſhoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geeſe his belly crams,
A wolf deſtroys a thouſand lambs:
But ſearch among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the baſe.
If on Parnaſſus' top you ſit,
You rarely bite, are always bit.
Each poet of inferior ſize
On you ſhall rail and criticiſe;
And ſtrive to tear you limb from limb,
While others do as much for him.
The vermin only teaſe and pinch
Their foes ſuperior by an inch.
So nat'raliſts obſerve, a flea
Hath ſmaller fleas that on him prey;
And theſe have ſmaller ſtill to bite 'em,
And ſo proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus ev'ry poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind:

Who, tho' too little to be ſeen,
Can teaſe, and gall, and give the ſpleen;
Call dunces fools, and ſons of whores,
Lay Grubſtreet at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman maſters,
And curſe our modern poetaſters:
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taſte prevails among us;
How much our anceſtors out-ſung us;
Can perſonate an awkward ſcorn
For thoſe who are not poets born;
And all their brother-dunces laſh,
Who crowd the preſs with hourly traſh.
O Grubſtreet! how do I bemoan thee,
Whoſe graceleſs children ſcorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot:
Tho' by their idiom and grimace,
They ſoon betray their native place:
Yet *thou* haſt greater cauſe to be
Aſham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degen'rate from their ancient brood,
Since firſt the court allow'd them food.
Remains a difficulty ſtill,
To purchaſe fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the *low ſublime?*
For when our high-born Howard dy'd,
Blackmore alone his place ſupply'd:
And, leſt a chaſm ſhould intervene,
When death had finiſh'd Blackmore's reign,

The *leadan crown* devolv'd to thee,
Great poet of the *hollow tree*.
But ah! how unſecure thy throne!
A thouſand bards thy right diſown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a common-weal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal priv'lege to *deſcend*:
In bulk there are not more degrees
From *elephants* to *mites* in cheeſe,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worſe, and worſe they fall;
But who can reach the worſt of all?
For tho' in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite,
In poetry the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For inſtance: When you raſhly think,
No rhymer can like Welſted ſink,
His merits balanc'd, you ſhall find,
The laureat leaves him far behind.
Concannon, more aſpiring bard,
Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moor with vigor drops,
The reſt purſue as thick as hops.
With heads to points the gulph they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
And as their heels elated riſe,
Their heads attempt the nether ſkies.
O, what indignity and ſhame,
To proſtitute the muſe's name!

By flatt'ring k—s, whom heav'n design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And ev'ry vice that nurses both.
Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter.
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive binds his hands,
Confess'd the conqu'ring hero stands.
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees intreat for peace.
The *consort* of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred.
Appointed sov'reign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit,
Our eldest hope, divine Iulus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think, what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun.
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood.

Bright goddeſſes in number five;
Duke William, ſweeteſt prince alive.
Now ſing the *miniſter of ſtate*,
Who ſhines alone without a mate.
Obſerve with what majeſtic port,
This Atlas ſtands to prop the court:
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praiſes ev'ry Muſe ſhall ſing!
In all affairs thou ſole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though ſmall the time thou haſt to ſpare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a ſtock
You chuſe to rule the ſable flock?
You raiſe the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the ſteerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourſelf with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, ſenſe,
To titles give the ſole pretence.
St George beheld thee with delight
Vouchſafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breaſt and ſides Herculean
He fix'd the *ſtar* and *ſtring cerulean*.
Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever ſuch a conſtellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and ſtrow your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flatt'ry's ſide.

Above the ſtars exalt your ſtyle,
You ſtill are low ten thouſand mile.
On Lewis all his bards beſtow'd
Of incenſe many a thouſand load;
But Europe mortify'd his pride,
And ſwore the fawning raſcals ly'd.
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Apply'd to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thouſand times below it.

Tranſlate me now ſome lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all pow'r in heav'n divide,
And do no wrong to either ſide;
They teach you how to ſplit a hair,
Give G———e and Jove an equal ſhare.
Yet why ſhould we be lac'd ſo ſtrait?
I'll give my m—n—ch butter-weight.
And reaſon good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his prieſts be duly paid,
Did ever we deſire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolſton gave us arms to rout him.

* * * * * *Cætera deſiderantur.* * * * * *

A

CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, and DESCRIPTION of the LEGION-CLUB.

AS I ſtroll the city, oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-ſhot from the college;
Half the globe from ſenſe and knowledge;
By the prudent architect
Plac'd againſt the church direct,
Making good my grandame's jeſt.
Near the church—you know the reſt.
Tell us, what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
Theſe demoniacs let me dub
With the name of *Legion-club.*
Such aſſemblies, you might ſwear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a noiſe, and ſuch haranguing,
When a brother-thief is hanging:
Such a rout and ſuch a rabble
Run to hear Jack-pudden gabble;
Such a croud their ordure throws
On a far leſs villain's noſe.
Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,

While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with pocker-fiery red
Crack the ſtones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on ev'ry ſcull,
While the den of thieves is full;
Quite deſtroy that harpies neſt,
How might then our iſle be bleſt!
For divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the goſpel will inform us,
He can puniſh ſins enormous.
Yet ſhould Swift endow the ſchools
For his lunatics and fools
With a rood or two of land,
I allow the pile may ſtand.
You, perhaps, will aſk me, Why ſo?
But it is with this proviſo:
Since the houſe is like to laſt,
Let the royal grant be paſs'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a paſſage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.
Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they ſit a picking ſtraws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung:
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and ſtarve the city;

Let them ſtare, and ſtorm, and frown,
When they ſee a clergy gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louſe,
Call for th' orders of the houſe;
Let them with their goſling quills,
Scribble ſenſeleſs heads of bills.
We may, while they ſtrain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes.
Let Sir T——m, that rampant aſs,
Stuff his guts with flax and graſs;
But before the prieſt he fleeces
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parſons, Tom, holloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a ſhoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile ſeducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuſer;
Lay thy paltry privilege aſide,
Sprung from Papiſts, and a regicide;
Fall a working like a mole,
Raiſe the dirt about your hole.
Come aſſiſt me, Muſe obedient,
Let us try ſome new expedient;
Shift the ſcene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.
Thither, gentle Muſe, conduct me;
I ſhall aſk, and you inſtruct me.
See, the Muſe unbars the gate!
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
All ye gods who rule the ſoul,
Styx, through hell whoſe waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder hell.

Near the door an entrance gapes,
Crouded round with antic ſhapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Cauſeleſs Joy, and true Deſpair,
Diſcord periwig'd with ſnakes,
See the dreadful ſtrides ſhe takes.
By this odious crew beſet,
I began to rage and fret,
And reſolv'd to break their pates,
Ere he enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick
Whiſper'd me, *Lay down your ſtick.*
What, ſaid I, is this the *mad-houſe?*
Theſe, ſhe anſwer'd, are but ſhadows,
Phantoms bodileſs and vain,
Empty viſions of the brain.
In the porch Briareus ſtands,
Shews a bribe in all his hands;
Briareus the ſecretary,
But we mortals call him C—y.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a piece.
Clio, who had been ſo wiſe
To put on a fool's diſguiſe,
To beſpeak ſome approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When ſhe ſaw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild diſputes,
Roaring till their lungs were ſpent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.

Never durſt a muſe before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio ſtifled with the ſmell,
Into ſpleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian ſteams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the ſtench of lake Avernus
Could have more offended her noſe;
Had ſhe flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddeſs, muſt expire.
In a fright ſhe crept away;
Bravely I reſolv'd to ſtay.
When I ſaw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a crown,
Now, ſaid I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.
Who is that hell-featur'd brawler,
Is it Satan? No, 'tis W—r.
In what figure can a bard dreſs
Jack the grandſon of Sir H—s?
Honeſt keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are hell and murder;
See the ſcowling viſage drop,
Juſt as when he murther'd T——p.
Keeper, ſhew me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks;
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might ſwear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitz-Baker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?

Dear companions, hug and kiſs,
Toaſt *old glorious* in your piſs.
Tie 'em, keeper, in a tether,
Let 'em ſtarve and ſtink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Laſh 'em daily, laſh 'em duly;
Tho' tis hopeleſs to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.
Keeper, yon old dotard ſmoke,
Sweetly ſnoring in his cloak,
Who is he? 'Tis humdrum W—ne,
Half encompaſs'd by his kin:
There obſerve the tribe of B—h—m,
For he never fails to bring 'em;
While he ſleeps the whole debate,
They ſubmiſſive round him wait;
Yet would gladly ſee the hunks
In his grave, and ſearch his trunks.
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Juſt to yawn, and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the c—, againſt the n—.
Thoſe are A——s Jack and Bob,
Firſt in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brainſick brute, they call a peer.
We muſt give them better quarter,
For their anceſtor trod mortar,
And H—th to boaſt his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.——
There ſits C—nts, D—ks, and H—n,
How they ſwagger from their garriſon.

Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this ſide hell?
H—n, and D—s, and C—nts,
Keeper, ſee they have their payments,
Ev'ry miſchief's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.
Bleſs us, M—n! art thou there, man?
Bleſs mine eyes! art thou the chairman!
Chairman to your damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful ſight! what, learned M—n
Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon?
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a ſtone:
Haſt thou been ſo long at ſchool,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma mater was thy mother,
Ev'ry young divine thy brother.
Thou a diſobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown rev'rend preachers
M——, would it not ſurprize one?
Turn thy nouriſhment to poiſon!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them faſt, or from their ſhelves
They will come and right themſelves;
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to ſlaughter
Ev'ry Greek and Roman author.

Will you in your faction's phraſe
Send the clergy all to graſe;
And to make your project paſs,
Leave them not a blade of graſs?
How I want thee, hum'rous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleaſant rogue art;
Were but you and I acquainted,
Ev'ry monſter ſhould be painted:
You ſhould try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beaſts as I deſcribe them
From their features while I gibe them;
Draw them like, for I aſſure you,
You will need no *car'catura*;
Draw them ſo, that we may trace
All the ſoul in ev'ry face.
Keeper, I muſt now retire,
You have done what I deſire:
But I feel my ſpirits ſpent
With the noiſe, the ſight, the ſcent.
Pray be patient, you ſhall find
Half the beſt are ſtill behind:
You have hardly ſeen a ſcore,
I can ſhew two hundred more.
Keeper I have ſeen enough.
Taking then a pinch of ſnuff,
I concluded, looking round 'em,
May their god, the d—l, confound 'em.

AN

APOLOGY, &c.

A Lady wiſe as well as fair,
Whoſe conſcience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment:
So hearing of a grave divine,
She ſent to bid him come and dine.
But you muſt know he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite;
Thought human learning would not leſſen
The dignity of his profeſſion:
And if you'd heard the man diſcourſe,
Or preach'd, you'd like him ſcarce the worſe.
He long had bid the court farewel,
Retreating ſilent to his cell;
Suſpected for the love he bore
To one who ſway'd ſome time before;
Which made it more ſurpriſing how
He ſhould be ſent for thither now.
The meſſage told, he gapes and ſtares,
And ſcarce believes his eyes, or ears:
Could not conceive what it ſhould mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the 'ſquire, ſo trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;

So bow'd, was thankful for the honour;
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver bruſh'd, his ſhoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town:
Paſſes the lower caſtle yard,
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of ſtate:
For conſcious of his ſheepiſh gait,
His ſpirits of a ſudden fail'd him,
He ſtopt, and could not tell what ail'd him.
What was the meſſage I receiv'd?
Why certainly the Captain rav'd!
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impoſſible! it can't be me.
Or may be I miſtook the word;
My Lady—it muſt be my Lord.
My Lord's abroad; my Lady too:
What muſt th' unhappy Doctor do?
Is Captain Crach'rode here, pray?——No.
Nay, then 'tis time for me to go.
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I'm ſure he call'd me by my name;
Nam'd me as plain as he could ſpeak,
And yet there muſt be ſome miſtake.
Why, what a jeſt ſhould I have been,
Had now my Lady been within,
What could I've ſaid? I'm mighty glad
She went abroad——ſhe'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is paſt:
Well then, I'll e'en go home and faſt:
And ſince I 'ſcap'd being made a ſcoff,
I think I'm very fairly off.

My Lady now returning home,
Calls, *Crach'rode, is the Doctor come?*
He had not heard of him—*pray ſee,*
'Tis now a quarter after three.
The Captain walks about, and ſearches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the ſervants round,
In vain—no doctor's to be found.
My Lady could not chuſe but wonder:
Captain, I fear you've made ſome blunder:
But pray, to-morrow go at ten,
I'll try his manners once again;
If rudeneſs be th' effect of knowledge,
My ſon ſhall never ſee a college.
The Captain was a man of reading,
And much good ſenſe as well as breeding,
Who, loath to blame, or to incenſe,
Said little in his own defence;
Next day another meſſage brought:
The Doctor, freighten'd at his fault,
Is dreſs'd, and ſtealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then bluſh'd and bow'd,
Panting—and fault'ring—humm'd and ha'd,
Her ladyſhip was gone abroad;
The Captain too—he did not know
Whether he ought to ſtay or go;
Begg'd ſhe'd forgive him. In concluſion,
My Lady pitying his confuſion,
Call'd her good nature to relieve him;
Told him, ſhe thought ſhe might believe him;
And would not only grant his ſuit,
But viſit him and eat ſome fruit;

Provided, at a proper time
He told the real truth in rhyme.
'Twas to no purpoſe to oppoſe,
She'd hear of no excuſe in proſe.
The Doctor ſtood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So bowing, ſeemingly comply'd;
Though, if he durſt, he had deny'd.
But firſt reſolv'd to ſhew his taſte,
Was too refin'd to give a feaſt:
He'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expence,
Or pride, or vain magnificence.
For well he knew to ſuch a gueſt
The plaineſt meals muſt be the beſt.
To ſtomachs clogg'd with coſtly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;
Whilſt high, and nice, and curious meats,
Are really but vulgar treats:
Inſtead of ſpoils of Perſian looms,
The coſtly boaſts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and diſcreet
To ſcatter roſes at her feet;
Roſes of richeſt dye that ſhone
With native luſtre, like her own:
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every ſenſe to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well ſhe knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd every thing—at leaſt thought fit
To praiſe it *par maniere d'acquit.*

Yet ſhe, though ſeeming pleas'd, can't bear
The ſcorching ſun, or chilling air:
Diſturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he ſhews or hides his beams:
Though ſeeming pleas'd at all ſhe ſees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees;
And ſcarce can ſpeak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigu'd to death.
The Doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologiſe his late offence:
" Madam, the mighty pow'r of uſe
" Now ſtrangely pleads in my excuſe.
" If you unus'd have ſcarcely ſtrength
" To gain this walk's untoward length;
" If freighten'd at a ſcene ſo rude,
" Through long diſuſe of ſolitude;
" If long confin'd to fires and ſcreens,
" You dread the waving of theſe greens;
" If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
" Of city-fogs and crowded rooms,
" Do now ſolicitouſly ſhun
" The cooler air, and dazling ſun;
" If his majeſtic eye you flee,
" Learn hence to excuſe and pity me.
" Conſider what it is to bear
" The powder'd courtier's witty ſneer;
" To ſee th' important man of dreſs
" Scoffing my college-aukwardneſs,
" To be the ſtrutting cornet's ſport;
" To run the gauntlet of the court,
" Winning my way by ſlow approaches,
" Through crouds of coxcombs and of coaches,

" From the firſt fierce cockaded centry,
" Quite thro' the tribe of waiting gentry;
" To paſs ſo many crouded ſtages,
" And ſtand the ſtaring of your pages,
" And, after all, to crown my ſpleen,
" Be told—*you are not to be ſeen:*
" Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
" The eye of your majeſtic air.
" And can I then be faulty found
" In dreading this vexatious round?
" Can it be ſtrange, if I eſchew
" A ſcene ſo glorious and ſo new?
" Or is he criminal that flies
" The living luſtre of your eyes?

An ANSWER to a ſcandalous POEM, wherein the author moſt audaciouſly preſumes to caſt an indignity upon their Highneſſes the CLOUDS, by comparing them to a WOMAN.

Written by DERMOT O'NEPHELY, Chief Cap of Howth.

Written in the year 1733.

PRESUMPTUOUS bard! how could you dare
A woman with a *cloud* compare?
Strange pride and inſolence you ſhow,
Inferior mortals *there* below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or ſo loud as theirs?
Alas! Our thunder ſoon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clutter worſe,
That drives you not to *pray*, but *curſe?*
We hardly thunder thrice a-year;
The bolt diſcharg'd, the ſky grows clear:
But every ſublunary doudy,
The more ſhe ſcolds, the more ſhe's cloudy.
Some critic may object, perhaps,
That *clouds* are blam'd for giving *claps;*
But what, alas! are *claps* aetherial,
Compar'd for miſchief to venereal?

Can *clouds* give bubo's ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noſes dig out notches?
We leave the body ſweet and ſound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.
You know a *cloudy* ſky beſpeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a cloudy plight
Portel a ſtorm to laſt till night.
A *cloud* in proper ſeaſons pours
His bleſſings down in fruitful ſhow'rs;
But woman was by fate deſign'd
To pour down curſes on mankind.
When Syrius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire aſſuages;
But woman is a curs'd inflamer,
No pariſh ducking-ſtool can tame her:
To kindle ſtrife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fire-works ſhe can burn in water.
For fickleneſs how durſt you blame us,
Who for our conſtancy are famous?
You'll ſee a *cloud* in gentle weather
Keep the ſame face an hour together;
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change every feature every ſecond:
Obſerve our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you gueſs from woman's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?
Go read in ancient books inroll'd
What honours we poſſeſs'd of old.
To diſappoint Ixion's rape,
Jove dreſs'd a *cloud* in Juno's ſhape;

Which when he had enjoy'd, he ſwore,
No goddeſs could have pleas'd him more;
No diff'rence could he find between
His *cloud* and Jove's imperial queen:
His cloud produc'd a race of *Centaurs*
Fam'd for a thouſand bold adventures;
From us deſcended *ab origine*,
By learned authors call'd *nubigenae*.
But ſay, what earthly nymph do you know
So beautiful to paſs for Juno?
Before Æneas durſt aſpire
To court her Majeſty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dreſs him,
That Dido might the more careſs him:
A coat we gave him dy'd in grain,
A *flaxen* wig, a *clouded* cane;
The wig was powder'd round with fleet,
Which fell in *clouds* beneath his feet:
With which he made a tearing ſhow;
And Dido quickly *ſmock'd the beau*.
Among your females make inquiries,
What nymph on earth ſo fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty ſo endow'd;
And yet her father is a *cloud*.
We dreſs'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's fav'rite maid
'Tis known, that Socrates the wiſe
Ador'd us *clouds* as deities;
To us he made his daily pray'rs,
As Ariſtophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And dy'd defending his opinion.

By his authority, 'tis plain
You worſhip other gods in vain.
And from your own experience know,
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we pleaſe to guide;
O'er all your paſſions we preſide,
Can raiſe them up, or ſink them down,
As we think fit to ſmile or frown:
And juſt as we diſpoſe your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.
Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place;
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Becauſe we dwell in higher regions.
You find the gods in Homer dwell
In ſeas and ſtreams, or low as hell;
E'en Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp,
(Who makes you think the *clouds* he pierces?
He pierce the *clouds!* he kiſs their a—es:)
While we, o'er Teneriffa plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at leaſt;
And when Apollo ſtruts on Pindus,
We ſee him from our kitchen-windows;
Or to Parnaſſus, looking down,
Can p—s upon his laurel crown.
Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vechicles they mount the ſky:
When Jove would ſome fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle;
Though Venus be as light as air,
She muſt have doves to draw her chair;

Apollo ſtirs not out of door,
Without his lacker'd coach and four;
And jealous Juno ever ſnarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her berlin:
But we can fly where-e'er we pleaſe,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and ſeas;
From eaſt to weſt the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home:
With care provide you as we go
With ſunſhine, rain, and hail, or ſnow.
You, when it rains, like fools believe
Jove piſſes on you thro' a ſieve;
An idle tale, 'tis no ſuch matter;
We only dip a ſpunge in water,
Then ſqueeze it cloſe between our thumbs,
And ſhake it well, and down it comes:
As you ſhall to your ſorrow know;
We'll watch your ſteps where-e'er you go;
And ſince we find you walk a-foot,
We'll ſoundly ſouce your frieze ſurtout.
'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
That Phœbus ever ſhews his face:
For when we pleaſe, we open wide
Our curtains blue from ſide to ſide:
And then how ſaucily he ſhows
His brazen face, and fiery noſe;
And gives himſelf a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair.
'Tis ſung, where-ever Caelia treads,
The vi'lets ope their purple heads,
The roſes blow, the couſlip ſprings:
'Tis ſung; but we know better things.

'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often p—ſs upon a nettle;
But though we own ſhe makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we by ſoft prolific ſhow'rs
Can ev'ry ſpring produce you flow'rs.

Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a *cloud*.

But gods, like us, have too much ſenſe
At poets flights to take offence:
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.

We own your verſes are melodious;
But ſuch compariſons are odious.

TOLAND's Invitation to DISMAL, to dine with the CALVES-HEAD Club.

Imitated from HORACE, Epiſt. 5. Lib. 1.

IF, deareſt Diſmal, you for once can dine
Upon a ſingle diſh, and tavern-wine,
T—l—nd to you this invitation ſends,
To eat the calves head with your truſty friends.
Suſpend a while your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
To-morrow we our *myſtic feaſt* prepare,
Where thou, our lateſt *proſelyte*, ſhalt ſhare:
When we, by proper ſigns and ſymbols, tell,
How, by *brave hands*, the *royal traitor* fell;
The meat ſhall repreſent the *tyrant's* head,
The wine, his blood, *our predeceſſors* ſhed;
Whilſt an *alluding* hymn ſome artiſt ſings,
We toaſt confuſion to the race of kings;
At monarchy we nobly ſhew our ſpight,
And talk *what fools call treaſon* all the night.
Who, by diſgraces or ill fortune ſunk,
Feels not his ſoul enliven'd when he's drunk?
Wine can clear up G—d—lph—n's cloudy face,
And fill J—ck Sm—th with hopes to keep his place:
By force of wine Sc—rb—r—gh is brave,
Hal grows more pert, and S—mm—rs not ſo grave:
Wine can give P—rt—d wit, and Cl—v—nd ſenſe,
M—t—g—e learning, B—lt—n eloquence:

Ch—ly, when drunk, can never loſe his wand,
And L—nc—n then imagines he has land.
My province is, to ſee that all be right,
Glaſſes and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our *myſterious club* to keep out ſpies,
And Tories (dreſs'd like waiters) in diſguiſe.
You ſhall be coupled as you beſt approve,
Seated at table next the men you love.
S—nd—nd, Or—rd, B—le, and R—ch—d's Grace
Will come; and H—mp—n ſhall have W—p—le's place.
W—rt—n, unleſs prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail, and there is room for more;
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink,
And honeſt Harry is too apt to ſt—k.
Let no pretence of bus'neſs make you ſtay;
Yet take one word of counſel by the way.
If Gu—rn—y call, ſend word you're gone abroad,
He'll teaſe you with King Charles and Biſhop Laud,
Or make you faſt, and carry you to pray'rs:
But if he will break in, and walk up ſtairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order Squaſh to call a hackney-chair.

ON

DAN JACKSON's PICTURE

CUT IN PAPER.

TO fair Lady Betty, Dan ſat for his picture,
And defy'd her to draw him ſo oft as he *piqu'd* her,
He knew ſhe'd no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might ſafely defy her.
Come ſit, ſays my Lady, then whips up her ſciſſar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in ſilk in a trace, Sir.
Dan ſat with attention, and ſaw with ſurpriſe
How ſhe lengthen'd his chin, how ſhe hollow'd his eyes;
But flatter'd himſelf with a ſecret conceit,
That his thin leathern jaws all her art would defeat.
Lady Betty obſerv'd it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the ſtuff to his grin;
And to make roaſted ſilk to reſemble his raw-bone,
She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
Till at length in exacteſt proportion he roſe,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his noſe.
And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had outdone the original.
Well, that's but my outſide, ſays Dan with a vapour.
Say you ſo, ſays my Lady; I've lin'd it with paper.

P—— D—— *ſculpſit.*

ON THE

FOREGOING PICTURE.

WHILST you three merry poets traffic
To give us a deſcription graphic
Of Dan's large noſe in modern Sapphic,
I ſpend my time in making ſermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or murmuring at Whigs preferments.
But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
And look in Engliſh, French, and Scotch for't,
At laſt I'm fairly forc'd to botch for't.
Bid Lady Betty recollect her,
And tell, who was it could direct her
To draw the face of ſuch a ſpectre.
I muſt confeſs, that as to me, Sirs,
Though I ne'er ſaw her hold the ſciſſars,
I now could ſafely ſwear, it is hers.
'Tis true, no noſe could come in better;
'Tis a vaſt ſubject ſtuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.
Take courage, Dan, this plainly ſhows,
That not the wiſeſt mortal knows,
What fortune may befal his noſe.
Shew me the brighteſt Iriſh toaſt,
Who from her lover ere could boaſt
Above a ſong or two at moſt:

For thee three poets now are drudging all,
To praiſe the cheeks, chin, noſe, the bridge and all,
Both of the picture and original.
Thy noſe's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan, that ev'ry friend
Tries who ſhall have it by the end.
And future poets, as they riſe,
Shall read with envy and ſurpriſe
Thy noſe outſhining Caelia's eyes. SWIFT.

A
BALLAD
ON THE GAME
OF TRAFFIC.

Written at the caſtle of Dublin, in the time of the Earl of Berkeley's government.

MY *Lord*, to find out who muſt deal,
Delivers cards about,
But the firſt knave does ſeldom fail
To find the *Doctor* out.

But then his *Honour* cry'd, Godzooks!
And ſeem'd to knit his brow:
For on a knave he never looks
But h' thinks upon Jack How.

My *Lady*, though ſhe's no player,
Some bungling partner takes,
And wedg'd in corner of a chair
Takes ſnuff, and holds the ſtakes.

Dame Floyd looks out in grave ſuſpenſe
For pair-royals and ſequents;
But wiſely cautious of her pence,
The caſtle ſeldom frequents.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting caſes,
I'd won it on my word,
If I had but a pair of aces,
And could pick up a third.

But Weſton has a new-caſt gown
On Sundays to be fine in,
And, if ſhe can but win a *crown*,
'Twill juſt now dye the lining.

" With theſe is Parſon Swift,
" Not knowing how to ſpend his time,
" Does make a wretched ſhift,
" To deafen them with puns and rhyme."

WILL. WOOD's PETITION

TO THE

PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Being an excellent New SONG.

Suppoſed to be made and ſung in the ſtreet of Dublin by WILL. WOOD, Ironmonger, and Halfpenny-monger, 1725.

MY dear Iriſh folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence ſo fine;
So fair and ſo bright,
They'll give you delight;
Obſerve how they gliſter and ſhine.

They'll ſell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing, or toſs on the knife.

Come hither and try;
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing:
Come: threepence a ſcore,
I aſk you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Harding.

When tradeſmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By day and by night for to rob him:
My copper is ſuch,
No robber will touch,
And ſo you may daintily bob him.

The little blackguard,
Who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your ſhoes;
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine, and be ——'d,
He may ſwear he has nothing to loſe.

Here's halfpence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Though thouſands were not worth a pudden.
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a ſudden.

You will be my thankers,
I'll make you my bankers.

As good as Ban Burton or Fade:
For nothing ſhall paſs
But my pretty braſs,
And then you'll be all of a trade.

I'm a ſon of a whore,
If I have a word more
To ſay in this wretched condition.
If my coin will not paſs,
I muſt die like an aſs;
And ſo I conclude my petition.

*MOLLY MOG:

OR, THE

FAIR MAID of the Inn *.

SAYS my uncle, I pray you diſcover,
What hath been the cauſe of your woes,
Why you pine, and you whine, like a lover?
I've ſeen *Molly Mog* of the *Roſe*.

O nephew! your grief is but folly;
In town you may find better prog;
Half a crown there will get you a *Molly*,
A *Molly* much better than *Mog*.

I know, that by wits 'tis recited,
That women at beſt are a clog:
But I'm not ſo eaſily frighted
From loving my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

The ſchool-boy's deſire is a play-day;
The ſchool-maſter's joy is to flog;
The milk-maid's delight is on *May-day*;
But mine is on ſweet *Molly Mog*.

* The Roſe-inn at Ockingham in Berkſhire.

Will-o'-Wiſp leads the traveller a gadding
Through ditch, and through quagmire, and bog:
But no light can ſet me a madding
Like the eyes of my ſweet *Molly Mog.*

For guineas in other mens breeches
Your gameſters will palm and will cog:
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win ſweet *Molly Mog.*

The heart, when half wounded, is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog:
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis ſo fix'd upon ſweet *Molly Mog.*

Who follows all ladies of pleaſure,
In pleaſure is thought but a hog:
All the ſex cannot give ſo good meaſure
Of joys, as my ſweet *Molly Mog.*

I feel I'm in love to diſtraction,
My ſenſes all loſt in a fog:
And nothing can give ſatisfaction
But thinking of ſweet *Molly Mog,*

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes *Cupid*, and gives me a jog;
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but ſweet *Molly Mog.*

If I would not give up the three *Graces*,
I wiſh I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my ſweet *Molly Mog.*

Thoſe faces want nature and ſpirit,
And ſeem as cut out of a log:
Juno, *Venus*, and *Pallas*'s merit
Unite in my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

Thoſe who toaſt all the family royal
In bumpers of *hogan* and *nog*,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,
And writing another eclogue;
Both his *Phillis* and fair *Amaryllis*
He'd give up for ſweet *Molly Mog*.

When ſhe ſmiles on each gueſt, like her liquor,
Then jealouſy ſets me agog;
To be ſure ſhe's a bit for the *vicar*,
And ſo I ſhall loſe *Molly Mog*.

*VERSES

To be placed under the Picture of England's ARCH-POET; containing a compleat catalogue of his works.

SEE who ne'er was or will be half read!
Who firſt ſung * *Arthur*, then ſung † *Alfred*;
Prais'd great ‡ *Eliza* in God's anger,
Till all true *Engliſhmen* cry'd, Hang her!
Made *William*'s virtues wipe the bare a—
And hang'd up *Marlb'rough* in ‖ *arras*:
Then hiſs'd from earth, grew heav'nly quite;
Made ev'ry reader curſe the § *light*;
Maul'd human *wit* in one thick ¶ ſatire;
Next in three books ſent ** human *nature*,
Undid †† *creation* at a jerk,
And of ‡‡ *redemption* made damn'd work.
Then took his muſe at once, and dipt her
Full in the middle of the ſcripture:

* Two heroic poems in folio, twenty books.
† Heroic poems, in twelve books.
‡ Heroic poems in folio, ten books.
‖ Inſtructions to *Vanderbank*, a tapeſtry-weaver.
§ Hymn to the light.
¶ Satire againſt *wit*.
** Of the *nature* of man.
†† *Creation*, a poem, in ſeven books.
‡‡ The *Redeemer*, another heroic poem, in ſix books.

What wonders there the man grown old did!
Sternhold himſelf he *out-Sternholded:*
Made * *David* ſeem ſo mad and freakiſh,
All thought him juſt what thought king *Achiſh.*
No mortal read his † *Solomon,*
But judg'd *R'oboam* his own ſon.
Moſes ‡ he ſerv'd as *Moſes Pharaoh,*
And *Deborah* as ſhe *Siſerah;*
Made ‖ *Jeremy* full ſore to cry,
And § *Job* himſelf curſe God and die.

What puniſhment all this muſt follow?
Shall *Arthur* uſe him like king *Tollo?*
Shall *David* as *Uriah* ſlay him?
Or dext'rous *Deb'rah Siſerah* him?
Or ſhall *Eliza* lay a plot
To treat him like her ſiſter *Scot?*
Shall *William* dub his better end ¶?
Or *Marlb'rough* ſerve him like a friend?
No, none of theſe—heav'n ſpare his life!
But ſend him, honeſt *Job*, thy *wife.*

* Tranſlation of all the *Pſalms.*

† *Canticles* and *Eccleſiaſtes.*

‡ Paraphraſe of the canticles of *Moſes* and *Deborah*, &c.

‖ The *Lamentations.*

§ The whole book of *Job*, a poem, in folio.

¶ Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the ſhoulder.

AN

ELEGY

On the ſuppoſed death of PARTRIDGE the Almanack Maker.

WELL, 'tis as *Bickerſtaff* has gueſs'd,
Though we all took it for a jeſt:
Partridge is dead, nay, more, he died
E'er he could prove the good *'ſquire* ly'd.
Strange, an aſtrologer ſhould die,
Without one wonder in the ſky!
Not one of all his *Crony* ſtars
To pay their duty at his herſe?
No meteor, no eclipſe appear'd?
No comet with a flaming beard?
The ſun has roſe, and gone to bed,
Juſt as if *Partridge* were not dead:
Nor hid himſelf behind the moon,
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through *Aries*,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;
And twice a year he'll cut th' *Equator*,
As if there had been no ſuch matter.
Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt * *cobling* and *aſtrology*:

* Patridge was a cobler.

How *Partridge* made his *optics* riſe,
From a *ſhoe-ſole* to reach the ſkies.
A *liſt* the cobler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain the *diadem*
That princes wear, derives from them.
And therefore *crowns* are now-a-days
Adorn'd with *golden ſtars* and *rays*,
Which plainly ſhews the near alliance
'Twixt *cobling* and the *planets ſcience*.
Beſides, that ſlow-pac'd ſign *Bootes*,
As 'tis miſcall'd, we know not who 'tis?
But *Partridge* ended all diſputes,
He knew his trade, and call'd it * *Boots*.
The *horned moon*, which heretofore
Upon their ſhoes the *Romans* wore,
Whoſe wideneſs kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our *ſhooing-horns*,
Shews how the art of *cobling* bears
A near reſemblance to the *ſpheres*.
A ſcrap of *parchment* hung by *geometry*,
(A great refinement in *barometry*)
Can like the ſtars foretel the weather;
And what is *parchment* elſe but *leather*?
Which an aſtrologer might uſe,
Either for *almanacks* or *ſhoes*.
Thus *Partridge*, by his wit and parts,
At once did practiſe both theſe arts:
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, becauſe her wings are *leather*)

* See his Almanack.

Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned *Partridge* could as well
Creep in the dark from *leathern* cell,
And in his fancy fly as far,
To peep upon a twinkling ſtar.
Beſides, he could confound the *ſpheres*,
And ſet the *planets* by the ears:
To ſhew his ſkill, he *Mars* could join
To *Venus* in *aſpect malign*;
Then call in *Mercury* for aid,
And cure the wounds that *Venus* made.
Great ſcholars have in *Lucian* read,
When *Philip* king of *Greece* was dead,
His *ſoul* and *ſpirit* did divide,
And each part took a diff'rent ſide:
One roſe a ſtar, the other fell
Beneath, and mended ſhoes in hell.
Thus *Partridge* ſtill ſhines in each art,
The *cobbling* and *ſtar-gazing* part,
And is inſtall'd as good a ſtar
As any of the *Caeſars* are.
Triumphant ſtar! ſome pity ſhew
On *coblers militant* below,
Whom roguiſh boys, in ſtormy nights,
Torment, by piſſing out their lights;
Or through a chink convey their ſmoke,
Inclos'd *artificers* to choak.
Thou, high exalted in thy ſphere,
May'ſt follow ſtill thy calling there.
To thee the *bull* will lend his *hide*,
By *Phoebus* newly tann'd and dry'd.

For thee the *Argo*'s hulk will tax,
And ſcrape her pitchy ſides for *wax*.
Then *Ariadne* kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee *ends*.
The point of *Sagittarius* dart
Turns to an *awl*, by heav'nly art;
And *Vulcan*, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a *paring-knife*.
For want of room, by *Virgo*'s ſide,
She'll ſtrain a point, and ſit aſtride,
To take thee kindly in *between*,
And then the *ſigns* will be *thirteen*.

The EPITAPH.

HERE, five feet deep, lies on his back
A *Cobler*, *Star-monger*, and *Quack*;
Who to the ſtars in pure good-will,
Does to his beſt look upward ſtill.
Weep all you cuſtomers that uſe
His *pills*, his *almanacks*, or *ſhoes*.
And you that did your fortunes ſeek,
Step to his grave but once a week:
This earth which bears his body's print,
You'll find, has ſo much virtue in't,
That I durſt pawn my ears 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In *phyſic*, *ſtolen goods*, or *love*,
As he himſelf could, when above.

APOLLO to the DEAN.

Written in the year 1720.

RIGHT Truſty, and ſo forth,——we let you to know
We are very ill us'd by you mortals below.
For, firſt, I have often by chymiſts been told,
Tho' I know nothing on't, it is I that make gold,
Which when you have got, you ſo carefully hide it,
That, ſince I was born, I hardly have ſpy'd it.
Then it muſt be allow'd, that whenever I ſhine,
I forward the graſs, and I ripen the vine;
To me the good fellows apply for relief,
Without whom they could get neither claret nor beef:
Yet their wine and their victuals theſe curmudgeon lubbards
Lock up from my ſight in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat, and ſour all their drink.
But, thirdly and laſtly, it muſt be allow'd,
I alone can inſpire the poetical croud:
This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the college,
Whom if I inſpire, it is not to my knowledge.
This ev'ry pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgment or wit.
Theſe gentlemen uſe me with kindneſs and freedom;
And as for their works, when I pleaſe I may read 'em:

They lie open on purpoſe on counters and ſtalls,
And the titles I view, when I ſhine on the walls.
But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I, for your ſake, love better than any,
And of my mere motion, and ſpecial good grace,
Intended in time to ſucceed in your place,
On Tueſday the tenth ſeditionſly came
With a certain falſe traitreſs, one Stella by name,
To the deanery-houſe, and on the north glaſs,
Where, for fear of the cold, I never can paſs,
Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain utenſil,
Of value five ſhillings, in Engliſh a pencil,
Did maliciouſly, falſely, and trait'rouſly write,
Whilſt Stella aforeſaid ſtood by with a light.
My ſiſter has lately depos'd upon oath,
That ſhe ſtopp'd in her courſe to look at them both:
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding;
And ſtill as he writ, ſtood ſmiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myſelf at noonday,
But her graceful black locks were mingled with grey;
And by the deſcription I certainly know,
'Tis the nymph that I courted ſome ten years ago;
Whom when I with the beſt of my talents endu'd
On her promiſe of yielding, ſhe acted the prude:
That ſome verſes were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the north, where I never went:
That the letters appear'd reverſe through the pane,
But in Stella's bright eyes they were plac'd right again;
Wherein ſhe diſtinctly could read ev'ry line,
And preſently gueſs'd the fancy was mine.

Now you ſee why his verſes ſo ſeldom are ſhown:
The reaſon is plain, they're none of his own;
And obſerve while you live, that no man is ſhy
To diſcover the goods he came honeſtly by.
If I light on a thought he'll certainly ſteal it:
And when he has got it, finds way to conceal it:
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's ſcarce one in ten, but what has my mark;
And let them be ſeen by the world if he dare,
I'll make it appear, they are all ſtolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your ſaſh,
I think I have now got him under my laſh;
My ſiſter tranſcrib'd it laſt night to his ſorrow,
And the public ſhall ſee't, if I live till to-morrow.
Thro' the zodiac around it ſhall quickly be ſpread,
In all parts of the globe, where your language is read.
He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refuſal,
When he aſk'd for my aid in the forms that are uſual:
But the ſecret is this; I did lately intend
To write a few verſes on you, as my friend:
I ſtudied a fortnight before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And reſolv'd the next winter, (for that is my time,
When the days are at ſhorteſt,) to get it in rhyme;
Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnaſſus:
When that ſubtile companion, in hopes to ſurpaſs us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
(For I think in my conſcience he deals with *Old Nick*),
And from my own ſtock provided with topics,
He gets to a window beyond both the tropics;
There out of my ſight, juſt againſt the north zone,
Writes down my conceits, and calls them his own;

And you, like a cully, the bubble can ſwallow:
Now, who but Delany, that writes like Apollo?
High treaſon, by ſtatute! but here you object,
He only ſtole hints, but the verſe is correct;
Tho' the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely expreſs'd.
So a thief ſteals my horſe, and has him well dreſs'd.
Now, whereas the ſaid criminal ſeems paſt repentance,
We Phoebus think fit to proceed to the ſentence.
Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus his fire,
To climb to our region, and thence to ſteal fire;
We order a vulture, in ſhape of the ſpleen,
To prey on his liver, but not to be ſeen.
And we order our ſubjects of ev'ry degree
To believe all his verſes were written by me;
And, under the pain of our higheſt diſpleaſure,
To call nothing his but the rhyme and the meaſure.
And laſtly, for Stella juſt out of her prime,
I'm too much reveng'd already by Time.
In return to her ſcorn, I ſent her diſeaſes;
But will now be her friend whenever ſhe pleaſes:
And the gifts I beſtow'd her will find her a lover,
Though ſhe lives to be grey as a badger all over.

On seeing VERSES written upon WINDOWS in INNS.

Written in the year 1726.

I.

THE sage who said he would be proud
of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er one thought allow'd
That might not be confess'd;
His window scrawl'd by ev'ry rake,
His breast again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

II.

ANOTHER.

BY Satan taught, all conj'rers know,
Your mistress in a glass to show,
And you can do as much:
In this the devil and you agree;
None e'er made verses worse than he,
And thine I swear are such.

III.

ANOTHER.

THAT love is the devil, I'll prove when requir'd;
Thoſe rhymers abundantly ſhow it:
They ſwear that they all by love are inſpir'd,
And the devil's a damnable poet.

IV.

ANOTHER.

THE church and the clergy here, no doubt,
Are very near a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within.

VERSES made for Women who cry APPLES, &c.

APPLES.

COME buy my fine wares,
Plumbs, apples, and pears,
A hundred a penny,
In conſcience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are ſeven,
I wiſh them in heaven,
My huſband's a ſot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain 'em,
And I muſt maintain 'em.

ASPARAGUS.

RIPE 'ſparagus,
Fit for lad or laſs,
To make their water paſs:
O, 'tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken.

ONIONS.

COME, follow me by the ſmell,
Here's delicate onions to ſell,
I promiſe to uſe you well,
They make the blood warmer;
You'll feed like a farmer;
For this is every cook's opinion:
No ſav'ry diſh without an onion:
But, leſt your kiſſing ſhould be ſpoil'd,
Your onions muſt be th'roughly boil'd;
Or elſe you may ſpare
Your miſtreſs a ſhare,
The ſecret will never be known;
She cannot diſcover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as ſweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

CHarming oyſters I cry,
My maſters come buy
So plump and ſo freſh,
So ſweet in the fleſh,
No Colcheſter oyſter
Is ſweeter and moiſter;

Your ſtomach they ſettle,
And rouſe up your mettle;
They'll make you a dad
Of a laſs or a lad;
And Madam your wife
They'll pleaſe to the life;
Be ſhe barren, be ſhe old,
Be ſhe ſlut, or be ſhe ſcold,
Eat my oyſters, and lie near her,
She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS.

BE not ſparing,
Leave off ſwearing.
Buy my herring
Freſh from Malahide †,
Better ne'er was try'd.
Come eat 'em with pure freſh butter and muſtard,
Their bellies are ſoft, and as white as a cuſtard.
Come, ſixpence a dozen to get me ſome bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I ſoon ſhall be dead.

ORANGES.

COME buy my fine oranges, ſauce for your veal,
And charming when ſqueez'd in a pot of brown ale,
Well roaſted with ſugar and wine in a cup,
They'll make a ſweet biſhop when gentlefolks ſup.

† A place about five miles from Dublin, famous for oyſters.

BALLYSPELLIN†.

By Dr SHERIDAN.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd *Llewellyn*,
By waters clear, come ev'ry year
To drink at *Ballyſpellin*.

Tho' pox or itch, your ſkins enrich
With rubies paſt the telling,
'Twill clear your ſkin before you've been
A month at *Ballyſpellin*.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
When ſhe comes from her dwelling,
The kindling roſe within it glows
When ſhe's at *Ballyſpellin*.

The ſooty brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back ſhe goes to kill the beaux
By dint of *Ballyſpellin*.

Our ladies are as freſh and fair
As Roſs, or bright Dunkelling:
And Mars might make a fair miſtake,
Were he at *Ballyſpellin*.

† A famous ſpaw in the county of *Kilkenny*.

We men ſubmit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling;
The reaſon's plain, the ladies reign,
They're queens at *Ballyſpellin*.

By matchleſs charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the power of quelling
Such deſp'rate foes as dare oppoſe
Their pow'r at *Ballyſpellin*.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know, becauſe I fell in
A ſtream which came from one bright dame
Who drank at *Ballyſpellin*.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
And bring their Anne or Nell in
With ſo much grace, I'm ſure no place
Can vie with *Ballyſpellin*.

No politics, no ſubtle tricks,
No man his country ſelling,
We eat, we drink, we never think
Of theſe at *Ballyſpellin*.

The troubled mind, the puft with wind,
Do all come here Pell-mellin;
And, they are ſure, to work their cure
By drinking *Ballyſpellin*.

If dropſy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe tho' ſwelling,
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at *Ballyſpellin*.

Death throws no darts through all theſe parts,
No ſextons here are knelling;
Come, judge and try, you'll never *die*,
But *live* at *Ballyſpellin*:

Except you feel darts tipt with ſteel,
Which here are ev'ry belle in;
When from their eyes ſweet ruin flies,
We die at *Ballyſpellin*.

Good chear, ſweet air, much joy, no care,
Your ſight, your taſte, your ſmelling,
Your ears, your touch, tranſporteth much
Each day at *Ballyſpellin*.

Within this ground we all ſleep ſound,
No noiſy dogs a yelling;
Except you wake, for *Caelia*'s ſake,
All night at *Ballyſpellin*.

Here all you ſee, both he and ſhe,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make
Who drink at *Ballyſpellin*.

My rhymes are gone, I think I've none,
Unleſs I ſhould bring hell in;
But ſince I'm here ſo heav'n ſo near,
I can't at *Ballyſpellin*.

The ANSWER.

By Dr SWIFT.

DARE you diſpute, you ſaucy brute?
And think there's no rebelling,
Your ſcurvy lays, and ſenſeleſs praiſe,
You give to *Ballyſpellin.*

Howe'er you bounce, I here pronounce,
Your med'cine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and ſcours the blood,
When drank at *Ballyſpellin.*

Thoſe pocky drabs, to cure their ſcabs,
You thither are compelling;
Will back be ſent, worſe than they went,
From naſty *Ballyſpellin.*

Llewellyn why? As well may I
Name honeſt Doctor Pellin;
So hard ſometimes, you tug for rhymes
To bring in *Ballyſpellin.*

No ſubject fit to try your wit,
When you went colonelling;
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues,
That met at *Ballyſpellin.*

Our laſſes fair, ſay what you dare,
Who ſowing make with ſhelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
Than your's at *Ballyſpellin.*

Would I were whipt, when Sheelah ſtript,
To waſh herſelf our well in;
A bum ſo white ne'er came in ſight
At paultry *Ballyſpellin.*

Your mawkins there, ſmocks hempen wear
Of Holland, not an ell in,
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at *Ballyſpellin.*

But Tom will prat at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling:
Becauſe he gets a few Griſets,
At louſy *Ballyſpellin.*

Their's bony Jane in yonder lane,
Juſt o'er againſt the Bell Inn;
Where can you meet a laſs ſo ſweet,
Round all your *Ballyſpellin.*

We have a girl, deſerves an earl,
She came from Enniſkellin;
So fair, ſo young, no ſuch among
The belles at *Ballyſpellin.*

How would you ſtare, to ſee her there,
The foggy miſt diſpelling,
That cloud the brows, of every blowſe
Who lives at *Ballyſpellin.*

Now as I live, I would not give
A Stiver for a Skellin,
To towſe and kiſs the faireſt miſs
That leaks at *Ballyſpellin.*

Whoe'er will raiſe ſuch lies as theſe,
Deſerves a good cudgelling:
Who falſely boaſts of bells and toaſts,
At dirty *Ballyſpellin.*

My rhymes are gone, to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling.
As proper quite, as thoſe you write,
To force in *Ballyſpellin.*

The LOGICIANS refuted.

LOgicians have but ill defin'd
As rational, the human kind;
Reaſon, they ſay, belongs to man,
But let them prove it, if they can.
Wiſe *Ariſtotle* and *Smigeſius*,
By ratiocinations ſpecious,
Have ſtrove to prove with great preciſion,
With definition and diviſion,
Homo eſt ratione praeditum;
But, for my ſoul, I cannot credit 'em.
And muſt, in ſpite of them, maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boaſted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature.
That inſtinct is a ſurer guide
Than reaſon-boaſting mortals pride;
And, that brute beaſts are far before 'em,
Deus eſt anima brutorum.
Whoever knew an honeſt brute,
At law his neighbour proſecute,
Bring action for aſſault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics diſturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their ſport,
Nor know who's in or out at court.
They never to the levee go
To treat, as deareſt friend, a foe:

They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for *Bob*.
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at *Pater-Noſter-Row*:
No judges, fidlers, dancing maſters,
No pick-pockets, or poetaſters,
Are known to honeſt quadrupeds:
No ſingle brute his fellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each others throats for pay.
Of beaſts, it is confeſs'd, the ape
Comes neareſt us in human ſhape,
Like man he imitates each faſhion,
And malice is his ruling paſſion:
But, both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape ſurpaſſes.
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the miniſter of ſtate;
View him ſoon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of ſuperiors:
He promiſes with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators,
At court the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their maſters' manners ſtill contract,
And footmen, lords, and dukes can act.
Thus, at the court, both great and ſmall
Behave alike, for all ape all.

A PETITION to his Grace the Duke of GRAFTON.

Non Domus et Fundus——— HOR.

By Dean SMEDLEY.

IT was, my Lord, the dex'trous ſhift
Of t'other *Jonathan*, viz. *Swift*,
But now St *Patrick*'s ſaucy Dean,
With ſilver verge, and ſurplice clean,
Of *Oxford*, or of *Ormond*'s Grace
In looſer rhyme to beg a place.
A place he got, y'clep'd a ſtall,
And eke a thouſand pounds withal;
And, were he a leſs witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.

Thus I the *Jonathan* of *Clogher*,
In humble lays my thanks to offer,
Approach your grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verſe devoid of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave:
Rejoicing that in better times
Grafton require my loyal lines.
Proud! while my patron is polite,
I likewiſe to the patriot write.

Proud! that at once I can commend
King *George*'s and the Muſe's friend,
Endear'd to *Britain* and to thee,
(Diſjoin'd *Hibernia*, by the ſea)
Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
Employ'd in guardian toils and cares:
By love, by wiſdom, and by ſkill,
For he has ſav'd thee 'gainſt thy will.

But where ſhall *Smedley* make his neſt,
And lay his wand'ring head to reſt?
Where ſhall he find a decent houſe
To treat his friends, and chear his ſpouſe?
Oh! lack, my Lord, ſome pretty cure,
In wholeſome ſoil, and aether pure;
The garden ſtor'd with artleſs flowers,
In either angle ſhady bowers.
No gay *Parterre* with coſtly green,
Within the ambient hedge be ſeen:
Let nature freely take her courſe,
Nor fear from one ungrateful force;
No ſheers ſhall check her ſprouting vigour,
Nor ſhape the yews to antic figure:
A limpid brook ſhall trouts ſupply,
In *May* to take the mimic fly;
Round a ſmall orchard may it run,
Whoſe apples redden to the ſun.
Let all be ſnug, and warm, and neat,
For fifty turn'd a ſafe retreat.
A little *Euſton* may it be,
Euſton I'll carve on ev'ry tree.

But then to keep it in repair,
My Lord——*twice fifty pounds* a year
Will barely do; but if your Grace
Could make them *hundreds*——charming place!
Thou then would'ſt ſhew another face.
Clogher! far north, my Lord, it lies,
'Midſt ſnowy hills, inclement ſkies;
One ſhivers with the *artic* wind,
One hears the *polar axis* grind.
Good *John* indeed with beef and claret,
Makes the place warm that one may bear it.
He has a purſe to keep a table,
And eke a ſoul as hoſpitable.
My heart is good; but aſſets fail,
To fight with ſtorms of ſnow and hail;
Beſides the country's thin of people,
Who ſeldom meet, but at the ſteeple:
The ſtrapping dean, that's gone to *Down*,
Ne'er nam'd the thing without a frown,
When much fatigu'd with ſermon ſtudy,
He felt his brain grow dull and muddy;
No fit companion could be found
To puſh the lazy bottle round;
Sure then, for want of better folks,
To pledge *his clerk* was *orthodox*.

Ah! how unlike to *Gerard-ſtreet*,
Where beaux and belles in parties meet;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And joſtle as they troll along;
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And gape-ſeed does in plenty grow,

And *Griz* (no clock more certain) cries
Exact at ſeven, *Hot mutton pies.*
Their lady *Luna* in her ſphere
Once ſhone, when *Paunchforth* was not near;
But now ſhe wains, and, as 'tis ſaid,
Keeps ſober hours, and goes to bed.
There ——— but 'tis endleſs to write down
All the amuſements of the town;
And ſpouſe will think herſelf quite undone,
To trudge to *Connor* from ſweet *London.*
And care we muſt our wives to pleaſe
Or ——— elſe we ſhall be ill at eaſe.
You ſee, my Lord, what 'tis I lack,
'Tis only ſome convenient tack,
Some parſonage-houſe, with garden ſweet,
To be my late, my laſt retreat;
A decent church cloſe by its ſide,
There preaching, praying, to reſide;
And, as my time ſecurely rolls,
To ſave my own and others ſouls.

His GRACE's Anſwer.

By Dr SWIFT.

DEAR *Smed*, I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory ſhines;
Where compliments with all their pride
Are by their numbers dignify'd:
I hope, to make you yet as clean
As that ſame, *viz.* St *Patrick*'s dean:
I'll give thee *ſurplice*, *verge*, and *ſtall*,
And may be ſomething elſe withal;
And, were you not ſo good a writer,
I ſhould preſent you with a mitre.
Write worſe then, *if you can*—be wiſe—
Believe me, 'tis *the way to riſe*.
Talk not of *making of thy neſt*,
Ah! never lay your head to reſt!
That head ſo well with wiſdom fraught!
That writes without the toil of of thought.
While others rack their buſy brains,
You are not in the leaſt at pains.
Down to your deanery repair,
And build *a caſtle in the air*.
I'm ſure a man of your fine ſenſe
Can do it with a ſmall expence.
There your *dear ſpouſe*, and you together
May breathe your bellies full of *aether*.

When Lady *Luna* is your neighbour,
She'll help your *wife* when ſhe's in labour;
Well ſkill'd in midwife-artifices,
For ſhe herſelf oft *falls in pieces*,
There you ſhall ſee a *rari-ſhow*,
Will make you ſcorn this *world below*.
When you behold the milky way,
As white as ſnow, as bright as day,
The glitt'ring conſtellations roll
About the grinding *artic* poll.
The lovely tingling in your ears
Wrought by the muſic of the *ſpheres*—
Your ſpouſe ſhall then no longer hector;
You need not fear a curtain-lecture;
Nor ſhall ſhe think that ſhe's *undone*
For quitting her beloved *London*.
When ſhe's exalted in the ſkies,
She'll never think of mutton-pies;
When you're advanc'd above *Dean*, viz.
You'll never think of Goody *Griz*.
And ſtrive, and ſtrive *your wife to pleaſe*;
But ever, ever, live at eaſe,
In her you'll center all your joys,
And get ten thouſand *girls* and *boys*;
Ten thouſand girls and boys you'll get,
And they, like ſtars, ſhall *riſe* and *ſet*.
While *you and ſpouſe*, transform'd, ſhall ſoon
Be a *new ſun*, and a *new moon*:
Nor ſhall you ſtrive your horns to hide,
For then your horns ſhall be your pride.

DIRECTIONS

FOR MAKING

A BIRTH-DAY SONG.

Written in the year 1729.

TO form a juſt and finiſh'd piece,
Take twenty gods of *Rome* or *Greece*,
Whoſe godſhips are in chief requeſt,
And fit your preſent ſubject beſt:
And, ſhould it be your Hero's caſe,
To have both male and female race,
Your bus'neſs muſt be to provide
A ſcore of Goddeſſes beſide.
Some call their monarchs ſons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern;
Becauſe they might have heard of one,
Who often long'd to eat his ſon:
But this, I think, will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.
Why, then, appoint him ſon of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove:
To this we freely ſhall conſent,
Well knowing what the poets meant;

And in their ſenſe, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.
Next, as the laws of verſe require,
He muſt be greater than his ſire;
For Jove, as every ſchool-boy knows,
Was able Saturn to depoſe:
And ſure no Chriſtian poet breathing
Would be more ſcrup'lous than a heathen?
Or, if to blaſphemy it tends,
That's but a trifle among friends.
Your hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s;
Behold his glitt'ring faulchion mow
Whole ſquadrons at a ſingle blow:
While Victory, with wings outſpread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head,
His milk-white ſtead upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead mens paunches:
As Overton has drawn his ſire,
Still ſeen o'er many an ale-houſe fire.
Then from his arm hoarſe thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty muſtard bowls:
For thunder ſtill his arm ſupplies,
And light'ning always in his eyes.
They both are cheap enough in conſcience,
And ſerve to echo rattling nonſenſe.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your ſong.
Sweet poet, hir'd for birth-day rhymes,
To ſing of wars chuſe peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus hath lock'd his temple door:

Though not a coffee-houſe we read in
Hath mention'd arms on this ſide Sweden,
Nor London-journals, nor the poſtmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as moſt men;
Thou ſtill with battles ſtuff thy head full,
For, muſt thy hero not be dreadful?
Diſmiſſing Mars, it next muſt follow
Your conqu'ror is become Apollo:
That he's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mecaenas;
But that he ſtruts, and that he ſquints,
You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phoebus is but half as bright,
For yours can ſhine both day and night.
The firſt, perhaps, may once an age
Inſpire you with poetic rage;
Your Phoebus royal, ev'ry day,
Not only can inſpire, but pay.
Then make this new Apollo ſit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
" How from his altitude he ſtoops
" To raiſe up Virtue when ſhe droops;
" On learning how his bounty flows,
" And with what juſtice he beſtows:
" Fair Iſis, and ye banks of Cam!
" Be witneſs if I tell a ſlam.
" What prodigies in arts we drain,
" From both your ſtreams, in G———'s reign,
" As from the flow'ry bed of Nile:"—
But here's enough to ſhew your ſtyle.
Broad innuendos, ſuch as this,
If well applied, can hardly miſs:

For, when you bring your ſong in print,
He'll get it read, and take the hint;
(It muſt be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt, and cover marbled;)
And will be ſo much more your debtor,
Becauſe he never knew a letter.
And, as he hears his wit and ſenſe,
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic ſtrains,
A guinea ſhall reward your pains.
For patrons never pay ſo well,
As when they ſcarce have learn'd to ſpell.

Next call him Neptune: With his trident
He rules the ſea; you ſee him ride in't;
And, if provok'd, he ſoundly ferks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have ſeiz'd the Spaniſh plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports beſiege 'em,
But that he would not diſoblige them;
And made the raſcals pay him dearly
For thoſe affronts they give him yearly.

'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white;
And, when we ſcrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in ſatiric wit.
But you ſome white-lead ink muſt get,
And write on paper black as jet;
Your int'reſt lies to learn the knack
Of whit'ning what before was black.

Thus your encomium, to be ſtrong,
Muſt be apply'd directly wrong.
A tyrant for his mercy praiſe,
And crown a royal dunce with bays:
A ſquinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclin'd?
Extol him for his gen'rous mind:
And, when we ſtarve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn.
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleaſing princes:
For, princes love you ſhould deſcant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But ſongſters muſt omit it not;
I freely grant the thought is old:
Why then, your hero muſt be told,
In him ſuch virtues lie inherent,
To qualify him God's vicegerent,
That, with no title to inherit,
He muſt have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly falſe and partly true;
And, take it right, it means no more
Than G———e and W———m claim'd before.

Should ſome obſcure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the youth of Pella,
When all your liſt of gods is out,
Preſume to ſhew his mortal ſnout,
And as a deity intrude,
Becauſe he had the world ſubdu'd;

Oh, let him not debaſe your thoughts,
Or name him but to ſhew his faults.
Of gods I only quote the beſt,
But you may hook in all the reſt.
Now, birth-day bard, with joy proceed
To praiſe your empreſs and her breed.
Firſt of the firſt, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the ſkies;
The Graces, and their miſtreſs Venus,
Muſt venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees, when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!
Nor ſhall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great grandam:
Six thouſand years has liv'd the goddeſs,
Your heroine hardly fifty odd is.
Beſides, you ſongſters oft have ſhown
That ſhe hath Graces of her own:
Three Graces by Lucina brought her,
Juſt three, and ev'ry Grace a daughter.
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their ſnowy feet lay down;
In royal robes, they come by dozens
To court their Engliſh-German couſins:
Beſides a pair of princely babies,
That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.
Now ſee her ſeated on her throne
With genuine luſtre, all her own:
Poor Cynthia never ſhone ſo bright,
Her ſplendor is but borrow'd light;
And only with her brother linkt
Can ſhine, without him is extinct.

But C————a ſhines the clearer
With neither ſpouſe nor brother near her;
And darts her beams o'er both our iſles,
Though G————e is gone a thouſand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heav'nly race;
And ſees a ſon in ev'ry god,
Unaw'd by Jove's all-ſhaking nod.
Now ſing his little Highneſs * * * *,
Who ſtruts like any king already:
With ſo much beauty, ſhew me any maid
That could reſiſt this charming Ganymede?
Where Majeſty with ſweetneſs vies,
And, like his father, early wiſe.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk:
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days;
And ſwear his line ſhall rule the nation
For ever——till the conflagration.
But, now it comes into my mind,
We left a little D————e behind;
A Cupid in his face and ſize,
And only wants to want his eyes.
Make ſome proviſion for the younker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer:
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore;
Into whoſe pocket valiant Willy put,
Will ſoon ſubdue the realm of Lilliput.
A ſkilful critic juſtly blames
Hard, tough, crank, gutt'ral, harſh, ſtiff names.

The ſenſe can ne'er be too jejune,
But ſmooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunſwick are too rough:
Haſſe Darmſtadt makes a rugged ſound,
And Guelp the ſtrongeſt ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony:
And yet I muſt except the Rhine,
Becauſe it clinks to Caroline.
Hail! Queen of Britain, Queen of rhymes!
Be ſung ten hundred thouſand times!
Too happy were the poets crew,
If their own happineſs they knew:
Three ſyllables did never meet,
So ſoft, ſo ſliding, and ſo ſweet:
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels ſtand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand?
In concord here for ever fix'd,
No jarring conſonant betwixt.
May C——e continue long,
For ever fair and young!—— in ſong.
What though the royal carcaſe muſt,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to duſt?
Thoſe elements her name compoſe,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.
Tho' C——e may fill your gaps,
Yet ſtill you muſt conſult your maps:
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.

Britannia long will wear like ſteel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;
And patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic Lion roar.
Give up the phraſe of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia ſoundly maul:
Reſtore the ſhips by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to ſave his bacon.
Naſſau, who got the name of Glorious
Becauſe he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.
To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he's in decline;
And, if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out, you ſhare his fate,
And bear the new ſucceſſor's frown;
Or, whom you once ſang up, ſing down.
Reject with ſcorn that ſtupid notion,
To praiſe your hero for devotion;
Nor entertain a thought ſo odd,
That princes ſhould believe in God;
But follow the ſecureſt rule,
And turn it all to ridicule:
'Tis grown the choiceſt wit at Court,
And gives the maids of honour ſport.
For, ſince they talkt with Dr Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark:
That ſound Divine the truth hath ſpoke all,
And pawn'd his word, Hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains ſold, or meanings double.

Suppoſing now your ſong is done,
To Mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pair and prune
Your words to ſome Italian tune:
Then print it in the largeſt letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Preſent it boldly on your knee,
And take a Guinea for your fee.

TO

STELLA.

March 13. M,DCC,XXIII-IV.

[Written on the Day of her Birth, but not on the ſubject, when I was ſick in bed.]

TOrmented with inceſſant pains,
Can I deviſe poetic ſtrains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verſe on *Stella*'s native day:
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve ſhe ever ſaw the light,
Ungrateful, ſince to her I owe
That I theſe pains can undergo.
She tends me like a humble ſlave;
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my brutiſh paſſions break,
With gall in every word I ſpeak,
She with ſoft ſpeech, my anguiſh chears,
Or melts my paſſions down with tears:
Although 'tis eaſy to deſcry
She wants aſſiſtance more than I;
Yet ſeems to feel my pains alone,
And is a *Stoic* in her own,

When, among ſcholars, can we find
So ſoft and yet ſo firm a mind?
All accidents of life conſpire
To raiſe up *Stella*'s virtue higher;
Or elſe to introduce the reſt
Which had been latent in her breaſt.
Her firmneſs who could e'er have known,
Had ſhe not evils of her own?
Her kindneſs who could ever gueſs,
Had not her friends been in diſtreſs?
Whatever baſe returns you find
From me, Dear *Stella*, ſtill be kind.
In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
Tho' I continue ſtill a brute.
But when I once am out of pain,
I promiſe to be good again:
Mean time your other juſter friends
Shall for my follies make amends:
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

To Mr DELANY.

Written November 10. 1718.

TO you, whoſe virtues, I muſt own
With ſhame, I have too lately known;
To you, by art and nature taught
To be the man I long have ſought,
Had not ill Fate, perverſe and blind,
Plac'd you in life too far behind;
Or, what I ſhould repine at more,
Plac'd me in life too far before:
To you the Muſe this verſe beſtows,
Which might as well have been in proſe:
No thought, no fancy, no ſublime,
But ſimple topics told in rhyme.

Talents for converſation fit,
Are humour, breeding, ſenſe, and wit:
The laſt, as boundleſs as the wind,
Is well conceiv'd, though not defin'd:
For, ſure, by wit is chiefly meant
Applying well what we invent.
What humour is, not all the tribe
Of logic-mongers can deſcribe;
Here nature only acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art:
For wit and humour differ quite,
That gives ſurpriſe, and this delight.

Humour is odd, groteſque, and wild.
Only by affectation ſpoil'd:
'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.

Our converſation to refine,
Humour and wit muſt both combine:
From both we learn to rally well,
Wherein ſometimes the French excel.
Voiture, in various lights, diſplays
That irony which turns to praiſe:
His genius firſt found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule:
He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair:
And fools would fancy he intends
A ſatire where he moſt commends.

But, as a poor pretending beau,
Becauſe he fain would make a ſhow,
Nor can arrive at ſilver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place:
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refin'd,
As if the diff'rence lay abſtruſe
'Twixt raillery and groſs abuſe;
To ſhew their parts, will ſcold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
Such is that clan of boiſt'rous bears,
Always together by the ears;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but to gibe;

Who firſt run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the town;
Skill'd in the horſe-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence, The Club.
I mean your Butler, Dawſon, Car,
All ſpecial friends, and always jar.

The mettled and the vicious ſteed
Differ as little in their breed;
Nay, *Voiture* is as like Tom Lee
As rudeneſs is to repartee.

If what you ſaid, I wiſh unſpoke,
'Twill not ſuffice, it was a joke:
Reproach not, tho' in jeſt, a friend
For thoſe defects he cannot mend:
His lineage, calling, ſhape, or ſenſe,
If nam'd with ſcorn, gives juſt offence.

What uſe in life to make men fret,
Part in worſe humour than they met?
Thus all ſociety is loſt,
Men laugh at one another's coſt;
And half the company is teaz'd,
That came together to be pleas'd:
For, all buffoons have moſt in view
To pleaſe themſelves by vexing you.

You wonder now to ſee me write
So gravely on a ſubject light;

Some part of what I here deſign
Regards a Friend * of your's and mine;
Who, neither void of ſenſe nor wit,
Yet ſeldom judges what is fit,
But ſallies oft beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeaſurable rounds.

When jeſts are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for ſhame,
Yet ſtill you think your friend to blame.
For, though men cry they love a jeſt,
'Tis but when others ſtand the teſt:
And, would you have their meaning known?
They love a jeſt that is their own.

You muſt, although the point be nice,
Beſtow your friend ſome good advice:
One hint from you will ſet him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him, like you, obſerve with care,
Whom to be hard on, whom to ſpare;
Nor, indiſtinctly, to ſuppoſe
All ſubjects like Dan Jackſon's noſe:
To ſtudy the obliging jeſt
By reading thoſe who teach it beſt;
For proſe I recommend *Voiture*'s
For verſe (I ſpeak my judgment) yours.
He'll find the ſecret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence;

* He means Dr Sheridan.

And I no more ſhall then accuſe
The flirts of his ill-manner'd muſe.

If he be guilty, you muſt mend him;
If he be innocent, defend him.

My LADY's* LAMENTATION and COMPLAINT againſt the DEAN.

July 28. 1728.

SURE never did man ſee
A wretch like poor Nancy,
So teaz'd day and night
By a Dean and a Knight;
To puniſh my ſins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe
With Skinny and Snipe†:
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the Dean.
The Dean never ſtops,
When he opens his chops;
I'm quite over run
With rebus and pun.

Before he came here
To ſpunge for good cheer,
I fat with delight,
From morning till night,
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my own gums,

* Lady Acheſon, wife to Sir Arthur Acheſon.
† The Dean uſed to call her by thoſe names.

Or ſcratching my noſe,
And jogging my toes;
But at preſent, forſooth,
I muſt not rub a tooth:
When my elbows he ſees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chops,
And juſt as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops,
From my head to my heels,
Like a clock without wheels;
I ſink in the ſpleen,
An uſeleſs machine.

If he had his will,
I ſhould never ſit ſtill:
He comes with his whims,
I muſt move my limbs:
I cannot be ſweet
Without uſing my feet;
To lengthen my breath
He tires me to death.
By the worſt of all 'ſquires,
Thro' bogs and thro' briers,
Where a cow would be ſtartled,
I'm in ſpite of my heart led;
And, ſay what I will,
Haul'd up every hill;

'Till, daggled and tatter'd,
My ſpirits quite ſhatter'd,
I return home at night,
And faſt out of ſpite:
For I'd rather be dead,
Than it e'er ſhould be ſaid
I was better for him,
In ſtomach or limb.

But, now to my diet,
No eating in quiet,
He's ſtill finding fault,
Too ſour or too ſalt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick;
But traſh without meaſure,
I ſwallow with pleaſure.

Next, for his diverſion,
He rails at my perſon:
What court-breeding this is?'
He takes me to pieces.
From ſhoulder to flank
I'm lean and am lank;
My noſe, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not ſtay,
But meets it half way:
My fingers, prolix,
Are ten crooked ſticks:
He ſwears my el—bows
Are two iron crows,

Or ſharp pointed rocks,
And wear out my ſmocks:
To 'ſcape them, Sir Arthur
Is forc'd to lie farther,
Or his ſides they would gore
Like the tuſks of a boar.

Now, changing the ſcene,
But ſtill to the Dean:
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he ſees her but once,
He'll ſwear ſhe's a dunce;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books:
Through each line of her face
Her folly can trace;
Which ſpoils ev'ry feature
Beſtow'd her by nature,
But ſenſe gives a grace
To the homelieſt face:
Wiſe books and reflection
Will mend the complexion.
(A civil Divine!
I ſuppoſe meaning mine.)
No lady who wants them
Can ever be handſome.

I gueſs well enough
What he means by this ſtuff:
He haws and he hums,
At laſt out it comes.

What, Madam? No walking,
No reading, nor talking?
You're now in your prime,
Make uſe of your time,
Conſider, before
You come to threeſcore,
How the huſſies will ſleer
Where'er you appear:
That ſilly old puſs
Would fain be like us,
What a figure ſhe made
In her tarniſh'd brocade?

And then he grows mild:
Come, be a good child:
If you are inclin'd
To poliſh your mind,
Be ador'd by the men
'Till threeſcore and ten,
And kill with the ſpleen
The jades of ſixteen,
I'll ſhew you the way:
Read ſix hours a-day.
The wits will frequent ye,
And think you but twenty.

Thus was I drawn in,
Forgive me my ſin.
At breakfaſt he'll aſk
An account of my taſk.
Put a word out of joint,
Or miſs but a point,

He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And, as I am ſerious,
Is very imperious.
No book for delight
Muſt come in my ſight;
But, inſtead of new plays,
Dull Bacon's eſſays,
And pore ev'ry day on
That naſty Pantheon.
If I be not a drudge,
Let all the world judge.
'Twere better be blind,
Than thus be confin'd.

But, while in an ill tone,
I murder poor Milton,
The Dean, you will ſwear,
Is at ſtudy or pray'r.
He's all the day faunt'ring,
With labourers bant'ring,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
(Whom he brings in among us,
And bribes with mundungus.)
Hail, fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who's maſter, who's man;
Who makes the beſt figure,
The Dean, or the digger;

And which is the beſt
At cracking a jeſt.
How proudly he talks
Of zigzags and walks;
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves;
And boaſts of his feats,
His grottos and ſeats;
Shews all his gew—gaws,
And gapes for applauſe?
A fine occupation
For one in his ſtation!
A hole where a rabbit
Would ſcorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour,
He calls it a bow'r.

But, Oh! how we laugh,
To ſee a wild calf
Come, driv'n by heat,
And foul the green ſeat;
Or run helter-ſkelter
To his arbor for ſhelter,
Where all goes to ruin
The Dean has been doing.
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briers,
And thorns to make fires;
But yet are ſo kind
To leave ſomething behind:
No more need be ſaid on't,
I ſmell when I tread on't.

Dear friend, Doctor Jenny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmsley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it so,
That I'm, by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns;
No 'squire to be found
The neighbourhood round,
(For, under the rose,
I would rather chuse those:)
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here out of pity,
To ease a poor Lady,
And beg her a play-day.
So may you be seen
No more in the spleen:
May Walmsley give wine,
Like a hearty divine;
May Whaley disgrace
Dull Daniel's whey-face;
And may your three spouses
Let you lie at friends houses.

THE

PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE.

ÆTATIS SUÆ fifty-two,
A rich divine began to woo
A handſome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an Earl.
Her parents and her friends conſent,
The couple to the temple went:
They firſt invite the Cyprian Queen,
'Twas anſwer'd, She would not be ſeen:
The Graces next, and all the Muſes
Were bid in form, but ſent excuſes.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing candle for a torch,
While miſtreſs Iris held her train,
The faded bow diſtilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But ſhew'd no more than half her face.

Whate'er thoſe dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was ſpent;
The wedding-day, you take me right,
I promiſe nothing for the night.
The bridegroom dreſs'd, to make a figure
Aſſumes an artificial vigour;
A flouriſh'd night-cap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, ſmiling face;

Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.

And, thus ſet out, this happy pair,
The ſwain is rich, the nymph is fair;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The ſwain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together ſtart;
Scarce run a ſtep before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Leſs correſponding than their years.
Her ſpouſe deſires his coffee ſoon,
She riſes to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glaſs conſults her looks;
While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dreſs theſe parſons wear!
So odd a choice how could ſhe make?
Wiſh'd him a col'nel for her ſake.
Then, on her fingers-ends, ſhe counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts,
The Dean, ſhe heard her uncle ſay,
Is ſixty, if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no diſguiſe;
You ſee the crow's feet round his eyes.

At one ſhe rambles to the ſhops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradeſmen, to compare brocades.

Her weighty morning bus'neſs o'er,
Sits down to dinner juſt at four;
Minds nothing that is done or ſaid,
Her ev'ning work ſo fills her head.
The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is maukiſh, and his ſtomach gone;
In thread-bare gown, would ſcarce a louſe hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his houſhold,
Beholds her from the chaplain's place
In French brocades and Flanders lace;
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never aſks, or aſks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the ſneaking parſon's airs,
Computes, that half a pariſh dues
Will hardly find his wife in ſhoes.

Can'ſt thou imagine, dull Divine,
'Twill gain her love to make her fine?
Hath ſhe no other wants beſide?
You raiſe deſire as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to deſpiſe thee more.

If in her coach ſhe'll condeſcend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoiſt above his noſe,
His odious gown would ſoil her cloaths,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While ſhe drives on to ſee the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,

And meets her haſting to the ball:
Her chairmen puſh him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up ſtairs,
And calls the family to pray'rs;
Then goes alone to take his reſt
In bed, where he can ſpare her beſt.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her Ladyſhip is juſt come in,
The maſquerade began at two,
She ſtole away with much ado;
And ſhall be chid this afternoon
For leaving company ſo ſoon:
She'll ſay, and ſhe may truly ſay't,
She can't abide to ſtay out late.

But now, though ſcarce a twelvemonth marry'd,
Poor Lady Jane has thrice miſcarry'd:
The cauſe, alas, is quickly gueſt,
The town has whiſper'd round the jeſt.
Think on ſome remedy in time,
You find his Rev'rence paſt his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath;
No other way but try the Bath.

For Venus, riſing from the ocean
Infus'd a ſtrong prolific potion,
That mixt with Achelaus ſpring,
The horned flood, as poets ſing,
Who, with an Engliſh beauty ſmitten,
Ran under ground from Greece to Britain;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught;

Then fled, and left his horn behind
For huſbands paſt their youth to find:
The Nymph, who ſtill with paſſion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childleſs wives croud ev'ry morn
To drink in Achelaus horn.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.

Hither, though much againſt the grain,
The Dean has carry'd Lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not conſent,
But vow'd his money all was ſpent:
His money ſpent! a clowniſh reaſon!
And muſt my Lady ſlip her ſeaſon?
The Doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.

Here all diverſions of the place
Are proper in my Lady's caſe:
With which ſhe patiently complies,
Merely becauſe her friends adviſe;
His money and her time employs
In muſic, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or, in the Croſs-bath, ſeeks an heir,
Since others oft have found one there:
Where, if the Dean by chance appears,
It ſhames his caſſock and his years.
He keeps his diſtance in the gallery
'Till baniſh'd by ſome coxcomb's raillery;
For, 'twould his character expoſe
To bathe among the belles and beaux.

So have I ſeen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foſter'd by a hen;
But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As inſtinct leads them, in a puddle:
The ſober hen, not born to ſwim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.

The Dean, with all his beſt endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever
A victim to the laſt eſſays
Of vigour in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he leſs?) his whole eſtate.

The widow goes through all her forms:
New Lovers now will come in ſwarms.
Oh, may I ſee her ſoon diſpenſing
Her favours to ſome broken Enſign!
Him let her marry, for his face,
And only coat of tarniſh'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And ſpend her jointure on his whores:
But, for a parting preſent, leave her
A rooted pox to laſt for ever.

Written by the Rev. Dr SWIFT, on his own Deafneſs.

VErtiginoſus, inops, ſurdus, male gratus amicis ;
Non campana ſonans, tonitru non ab Jove miſſum,
Quod mage mirandum, ſaltem ſi credere fas eſt,
Non Clamoſa mea mulier jam percutit aures.

In ENGLISH.

DEAF, giddy, helpleſs, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown;
No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell:
At thunder now no more I ſtart,
Than at the rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

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The End of SWIFT'S POEMS.